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National ND ENGLISH Review

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APRIL, 1957

No. 890

BRIAN INGLIS
Dev's Last Chance

Ad
HENRY FAIRLIE
On Resignation

TWO SHILLINGS





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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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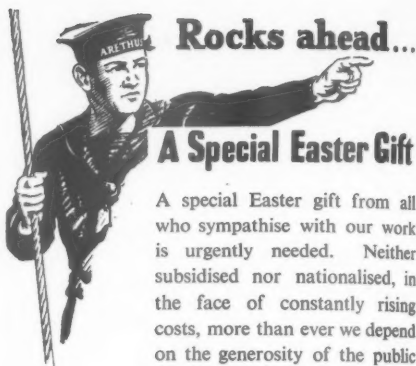
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

Bermuda Meeting

ONCE again President Eisenhower has gone to Bermuda for a top-level meeting, but between this occasion and the last there are important differences. Macmillan is only a shadow of Churchill and Eisenhower is only a shadow of his former self. The French are absent, and Suez must be very present in the thoughts of all. In 1953 the purpose was to build on a basis of friendship which was assumed to be indestructible; to-day, even the Anglo-American alliance can no longer be taken for granted, and the Atlantic Treaty is showing signs of disintegration.

It is therefore very much to the good that the Prime Minister and the President are meeting, and by the time this is in print the immediate benefits of their encounter may be apparent. The two men have worked well together in the past, and after negotiating with King Saud, and wrestling with the Gaza crisis, the President may look upon Macmillan as the reincarnation of Dr. Arnold. Everything, he may reflect, is relative.

Crisis in Gaza

AFTER much parleying and protestation the Israeli Government agreed to withdraw its forces from the Gaza Strip; but it appears to have done so on the understanding that the administration of the Strip would be transferred to UNO and that the Egyptians would not be

allowed to reassert their rights under the Egyptian-Israeli armistice agreement. On March 1, however, the Egyptian Foreign Minister had told the UN General Assembly that "nothing said by anyone here or elsewhere could . . . affect the fullness and the lawfulness of Egypt's rights and those of the Arab people in the Gaza Strip." And soon after the Israeli troops had moved out the Egyptian authorities moved in and took over control.

This action is certainly provocative, but everyone concerned should by now have learnt how important it is not to be provoked by Colonel Nasser. He may have given vague assurances to Mr. Hammarskjöld, which the latter may have taken to mean that Gaza would be left provisionally in UN hands; but there is no evidence of any precise commitment, and in the absence of such a commitment there is little doubt that Egypt is within her rights in reverting to the *status quo ante bellum*. This does not, of course, mean that the United Nations has no responsibility in the Strip; its general responsibility for keeping the peace is clear and must on no account be shirked. In particular there must be no recurrence of *fedayeen* raids into Israeli territory. But the Government of Israel, whatever its fears, and however disillusioned it may be by UNO's failure to keep the Egyptians out of Gaza, will be tragically at fault if it treats the present situation as a pretext for renewed violence. Mr. Ben-Gurion will have to keep his countrymen, and his own temper, under very strict control.

Nasser and the Canal

WE said last month that the Americans must be careful to avoid the appearance of partisanship in the Middle East. Having "got tough" with Israel (to bring about the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Egyptian territory) they must now be prepared to "get tough" with Nasser. But it is essential to limit and define the points which cannot be allowed to go by default; and of course toughness must only take the form of economic and political pressure—unless Nasser himself provides a *casus belli*. The consequences of a "trigger-happy" foreign policy have been very recently and very luridly demonstrated.

Nasser must, in our opinion, make himself responsible for preventing *fedayeen* attacks. He must allow complete freedom of navigation in the Gulf of Akaba. He must agree to a solution of the Suez Canal problem on the lines of the Indian proposals last August. An Egyptian authority should run the Canal and all dues should be paid to this authority; but there must also be a new Convention (to replace that of 1888), and there must be definite pledges, of which the United Nations must take cognizance, that the Canal will be open to the shipping of *all* nations, that it will be properly maintained, that the dues will be reasonable and non-discriminatory, and that fair compensation will be paid to the Canal Company. These are points on which UNO (with American backing) must insist, and which it should be quite consistent with Egyptian *amour-propre* for Nasser to concede. His success in securing the withdrawal of all invading forces may have placed him in a better position to make concessions on the Canal—a possibility which the Israelis should not overlook when deciding how to react to the reoccupation of Gaza.

The Egyptian economy is already receiving American assistance, indirectly, through Saudi Arabia. If a settlement of the Canal problem is reached under the ægis of the United Nations, Egypt should qualify for direct economic aid from UN agencies. This would be a more effective

sanction than military power (which UNO anyway lacks) and it would give Nasser a chance to develop, like Kemal Ataturk, as a domestic reformer. If this were to happen the Suez crisis would be to him what the Chanak crisis was to Kemal. Any ruler of Egypt who hankers after a career of military conquest is sure to fail.

Wild Thinking about Defence

UNTIL the White Paper on Defence is published the Government's plans can only be guessed at, with the help of a few preliminary measures and oracular statements. There is no doubt that Mr. Sandys has been given the task of making such reductions as may be possible, but it is unlikely that these will turn out to be anything like so drastic as some commentators have rashly suggested. The idea that £500 million can be cut out of the Defence estimates, at a single stroke of the Minister's axe, is too absurd to merit serious consideration. Lord Home (who is still, rather surprisingly, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations and a member of the Cabinet) has said in Australia that "we shall not see much change out of £1,500 million" (Defence expenditure). This year's estimated expenditure being £1,548 million, the scope for economy must therefore be very strictly limited.

There will unquestionably be a re-deployment of British forces overseas, including the elimination or reduction of some garrisons. But here too there is a limit to what can be done, as the Prime Minister has acknowledged, for instance, in his remark that we shall not be "tiptoeing out of Europe." We must remember our treaty obligations and must not lose sight of the fact that, since the Great Powers are virtually deadlocked in respect of nuclear weapons, the importance of conventional arms has tended to revive. In particular we cannot afford to let our Army fall below the necessary minimum strength, and the evidence still suggests that for this purpose National Service is indispensable. The Labour Party has

committed itself to the gradual running down of National Service—a most unscrupulous commitment—and a Sunday newspaper, better noted for its respectability than for the wisdom of its judgments, has implied that the present system of universal manhood service (with specified exemptions and deferments) would give way to one of selective service by ballot. We cannot believe that Mr. Sandys would be so unwise as to introduce a scheme which would be nothing more nor less than a modern equivalent of the press gang. National Service, however wide the categories of deferment, is a principle which people can understand, if not approve; selective service by lottery would be an abomination.

Strike Threat

AS we go to press, Britain is facing the most serious industrial crisis since the General Strike thirty years ago. Already the shipyards, on which so much of our export trade depends, are idle, and a nation-wide strike in the engineering unions may follow within a few days. Ominous rumblings are coming from the railways, where a forthcoming wage award appears unlikely to be accepted by the N.U.R. Altogether, there is a distinct possibility that, in a time of petrol shortage, the country may also find itself without rail transport—and without engineers.

The dispute between the engineering industry and the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions has been brought about by a most astonishing display of folly and arrogance on both sides. The engineering unions have got into the habit of putting in a claim for a 10 per cent. increase every year, as soon as the previous increase has been granted, regardless of output or the economic state of the country. These claims have met with stiffening resistance on the part of the employers for the last three years, and this year they refused even to discuss it.

The unions retaliated by pointing to what they said were record profits in the

engineering industry, and claimed that their men had a right to part of these profits. But by this time it was clear that the employers were determined to stand and fight. Sir William Grant, spokesman for the employers, stated when Mr. Macleod made the first tentative moves in an attempt to mediate that the employers did not want Government intervention; they wanted to fight this out on their own. With equal arrogance, Mr. Hill, for the unions, replied that he was not concerned with the effect on the country—his members were more important—and he refused to go to arbitration.

It is too easy to condemn both sides—the employers for the deliberate provocation which leads one to suspect that the strike is not, in fact, unwelcome to them, and the unions for their refusal to go to arbitration. It is indeed hard to see any reason for this strike; certainly there is very little enthusiasm for it among the men who face a serious decline in their standard of living at a moment when most of them are heavily extended on hire purchase. The plain fact is that the strike arises, not so much from wage difficulties as because personal relations between the union leaders and the employers have been exacerbated over the years. Until the idea that we are all partners in the same enterprise, and not two sides waging perpetual cold or hot war against each other, has been generally accepted, there can be no hope of harmony and steady progress in British industry.

Carmarthen, etc.

THE electoral tide continues to flow hard against the Government, but although substantial numbers of votes are being transferred to the Opposition there is more reason to suppose that the Tory Party is unpopular than that the Labour Party is popular. Indeed there is good reason to think (as we suggested last month) that the electors are bored and disgusted by the operation of the two big party machines. The Independent candidate at Wednesbury received over 3,500 votes, and the Welsh Nationalist at

Carmarthen did conspicuously better than at the General Election.

Carmarthen was, however, a triumph for Labour, and a crushing blow to what remains of the Liberal Party. Lady Megan Lloyd George was fighting a so-called Liberal who, if he had been returned to Parliament, would have qualified for membership of the Suez Group. The contest was therefore between Liberal renegades, and the voters preferred one who had honestly and openly turned Labour to one who was an extreme Tory in all but name. Mr. Grimond will be writing for us next month on the problems of a centre party in contemporary politics, and it will be interesting to see if he can justify the existence of the Liberal Party as such, in view of its performance at Carmarthen. The liberal elements in the Tory Party are doing far more for liberalism than a tiny group of M.P.s which is prepared to throw all its principles overboard in a vain attempt to add to its number.

The sensational drop in the Tory majority at Leamington could in part be attributed to the present state of the motor industry and the unique popularity of Sir Anthony Eden. On the evening that this result was announced Mr. Macmillan gave a "pep talk" to his Parliamentary following. Morale among those representing marginal seats, or even seats previously regarded as safe, is naturally low, and the demand for vote-catching measures is strong; but it is very much to be hoped that the Government will not be stampeded into an inflationary Budget. Enough has already been done in this Parliament to make a Labour victory at the next election an overwhelming probability; but if the Government now tries to save its skin by uneconomic or impolitic concessions to its own supporters, the Tory Party may be out of office for a generation.

Another Peel?

MR. BUTLER has thrown himself into the affairs of his new department, and bids fair to become the greatest Home Sec-

retary (with the exception of Lord Templewood) since the palmy days of Romilly or Peel. The first indication of this came in his speech on the third reading of the Homicide Bill, and he has followed it up with a speech on penal reform which electrified the House of Commons by the breadth of its sentiments and the charity with which he approached this appallingly difficult subject.

It is plain that he has given much thought to the subject, and that he is determined to let nothing stand in his way. Too often the Home Office has defeated the Home Secretary; it looks now as though we have a Home Secretary who will defeat the Home Office. The present team at the Home Office is the strongest for years; not only the Home Secretary, but his two deputies, Mr. Simon and Miss Hornsby-Smith, are people of marked ability and liberal mind. They have made a very good start, and great things are now expected of them.

Mr. Fairlie and Sir Edward Boyle

LATER in this issue Mr. Henry Fairlie applies his stimulating mind to the ethics and expediency of political resignation, and he ends by considering the case of Sir Edward Boyle, whose action in leaving the Government last November he roundly condemns.

It is true that Sir Edward did not have time, during his brief period in the wilderness, to speak his mind about Suez up and down the country. All the same he was quite explicit in deploring what the Eden Cabinet did, and he reasserted his view of this matter when he joined the Macmillan Government. It is possible to criticize, even to lament, his decision to serve under a Prime Minister whose deep complicity in the Suez affair is beyond question; but he cannot be accused of having failed to make his position clear, or of having gone back on those opinions and convictions which caused him, almost alone among Ministers, to resign in protest against the squandering of national interests and the betrayal of national honour.

DEV'S LAST CHANCE

By BRIAN INGLIS

FOR years now the visitor to Ireland has been sent away happy in the belief that—to quote the phrase which has so often been used about Austria, as well as Ireland, in the past—conditions in the country were hopeless, but not serious. A few months ago they suddenly became serious: partly because of the activities of the various “illegal organizations”—a Government ban has been put on the mention of the Irish Republican Army in the newspapers (a help to editors, in one way, because it has absolved them from the responsibility of deciding which of the rival organizations has been responsible for any particular raid)—but mainly because the structure of the new economy of Southern Ireland began to crumble. In their frustration, the Irish began to show signs of turning against the political and constitutional habits of the past twenty years, and of looking for a new road.

The question to be decided at the recent General Election was whether the voters were yet in a mood to demonstrate this dissatisfaction decisively—either by abstaining; or by voting for the anti-constitutionalist candidates, such as those put up by Sinn Fein, at the expense of the parties who have formed Government and Opposition for the past thirty years. The results show that the electorate was disposed to give constitutionalism one more chance. Mr. de Valera's party was not exactly triumphant; its total of first preference votes (Ireland has a Proportional Representation system, imposed by the British to protect the Unionists) was much the same as in the last General Election. But it gained nine seats, because all the other constitutional parties lost ground badly, either to Sinn Fein, or to Independents, or to apathy. Mr. de Valera now has an overall majority comfortable enough to ensure, barring accidents, that single-party Government will continue for the next few years. But this victory, it seems reasonable to say, was a vote of

confidence in him rather than in his party. It is unlikely that the Irish party system, in its present form, will survive his departure from the Irish political scene; and he is seventy-four.

Mr. de Valera is faced with the two problems: how to rehabilitate his country's economy and how to restore a United Ireland. Neither of them can be solved along the lines which either he or the Opposition parties have so far been working. Partition is much more solidly established now than ever it was in Lord Craigavon's day; Craigavon himself expected the Border in time to wither away, but it has actually been strengthened, mainly owing to the disastrous way in which Southern politicians continued to hector and bluster and threaten the North, thereby confirming Northern Protestants in their determination to keep themselves aloof. In the South, too, the effect was bad. The anti-Partition movement was exploited too long in election claptrap by politicians who cared nothing about the unity of the country, but were glad to clamour for it in speeches. This is one of the things which has helped to make political life in Ireland corrupt—in a way hardly contemplated by the pre-1921 Unionists, who always argued that the Irish were too corrupt to be allowed to run their own affairs. The corruption is intellectual and moral; it comes from professing standards which are never applied.

Up to a point this is true of politics everywhere; but in few other countries have politicians promised year in year out what they do not even *want* to fulfil. Irish politicians profess devotion to the Irish language when they can barely understand it, and when their own private opinion is that it would be better forgotten. I spent two years watching members of the Irish Parliament from the Press gallery at Leinster House, and I can recall only two prominent deputies who appeared



Photo: Camera Press.

MR. DE VALERA.



Photo: Associated Press.

CARDINAL D'ALTON.

really sincere in their devotion to the language: Mr. de Valera and General Mulcahy. The feelings of the rest ranged from apathy to active dislike; but they rarely spoke in public without professing devotion to it. The language is only one of the problems on which politicians have had to be dishonest. Partition is another. Most of them desire a United Ireland for sentimental reasons; but very few of them care deeply about it. And in the long run this double-think is destructive both of their character and of their reputation. Politicians have never, I fancy, been held in such low esteem in Ireland since the days of "the Pope's brass band" a century ago, when the M.P.s Sadleir and Keogh, after stomping the country on a Catholic nationalist ticket, proceeded to pocket their principles and accept office from the English Government they had denounced.

Before any English visitor thanks God that his politicians are not like this, though, he will do well to realize that his ancestors are largely responsible for the present difficulties in Ireland. If he should

want to know why, he will find part of the answer in *The Indivisible Island*, by Frank Gallagher (Gollancz, 21s.), subtitled "The Story of the Partition of Ireland." A very ugly, shoddy story it is. Partition now looks, and almost certainly is, inevitable in some form. But it was by no means inevitable from the beginning. Few Englishmen realize that the Ulster Protestants were just as opposed to the division of Ireland as were the Catholics of Munster, Leinster and Connaught. Carson supported the exclusion of Ulster from Home Rule only as a means to wreck the Home Rule Bill; he thought it was inconceivable that the Bill would be passed over his head. When he realized that it was going to be passed, and that Ulster—or six counties of that province—was going to get a form of Home Rule too, his reaction was not to express relief or gratitude, but to denounce England for having betrayed him.

Left to themselves, Ulster Protestants and Southern Catholics would have bickered and glowered and perhaps fought each other, but they would have settled

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down in time to some workmanlike arrangement. But they were not left to themselves. Their divisions were assiduously exploited for party purposes. The record of that exploitation, and of its effects, makes painful reading; a story of treachery, deception and stupidity. Its result was the creation of a *mystique* in Ireland; that the English are not to be trusted, that their difficulty is Ireland's opportunity, and that the only language which they understand is force. The recent raids over the Border are the end-product of that *mystique*; every shot fired is a requiem for Pitt, for Peel, for Lord Randolph Churchill, and for Lloyd George.

It is easy enough to realize this; much less easy to see what can be done about it. The fact that a settlement has been reached by fraud does not necessarily mean that it should be uprooted; occasionally, in fact, the roots of such settlements are so tangled, so deep, that they cannot be shifted. It is arguable that Partition in its present form is bound to remain, for the lack of any practicable alternative. But if this is so, an Englishman should try to understand the position; because so long as it remains, violence is not going to be very far from the Irish surface.

How far the recent election showed a trend towards support for a policy of physical force is not easy to estimate. Sinn Fein candidates—who lean to the physical force policy—won four seats, and enough first preference votes to suggest that if they had had a real leader they might have made a disturbing rent in the political fabric. The difficulty is to know how many of these votes expressed dissatisfaction with the other parties rather than enthusiasm for Sinn Fein. Most of them, probably, but if the economic situation does not improve, and if “politics” continue to be regarded with contempt, either Sinn Fein or some similar type of organization will have the chance to flourish—not necessarily in politics, but as an organization working outside the accepted constitutional framework, the way the Republicans did after 1916. As recently as the 'thirties, it should be



Photo : Camera Press.

LORD BROOKEBOROUGH.

remembered, Ireland was plagued by rival armies, the I.R.A. and the Blue-shirts, whose ferocious activities are described in the interesting, though occasionally slapdash account of an old I.R.A. man, Sean O'Callaghan, *The Easter Lily* (Allan Wingate, 15s.). The violence he vividly describes is still not far from the surface of Irish life.

The excuse for a resumption of violence is provided by the existence in Northern Ireland of a Catholic and Nationalist minority, amounting to about one-third of the population. There are also, admittedly, Protestant and Unionist minorities in the three counties of Ulster which are in the Republic. But these are relatively small; and they are not noticeably discontented. In Northern Ireland two of the six counties actually have Catholic, Nationalist majorities. The Border was so drawn as to cut off substantial nationalist areas from the South (the idea being, at the time, that the Protestant districts alone were not big enough to constitute a State). It is only with the help of complicated and ingenious gerrymandering



Photo: Central Office of Information.
A BIG FACTOR IN THE PROSPERITY OF NORTHERN IRELAND (WHEN THERE IS NO STRIKE): HARLAND AND WOLFF'S BELFAST SHIPYARD.

that the Northern Ireland Government has been able to retain control of local government in some places—notably in Derry City. In theory there is no shadow of a reason why these predominantly nationalist districts should not be allowed to vote themselves back into the South; because the argument that minorities of this size have no rights of self-determination would apply even more strongly against the independence of the Protestant North—it is smaller, in proportion to the whole of Ireland, than the Catholic minority is to the Six Counties.

The reason why this point is not more stressed in Southern propaganda is merely that the South does not want the Catholic Border areas handed back. The South wants them to remain where they are as a grievance against the United Kingdom in much the same way that the Egyptian Government prefers to keep the Arab refugees where they are as a grievance against Israel. The case for a United Ireland would be very much weakened if the Border were re-drawn along what could be called more common-sense lines than it is now. But is this a valid reason for preserving the present Border?

Would it not be better to concede that a Border, if it is to exist at all, ought as nearly as possible to reflect the division between the two sections—and thereby deprive the Southern Republicans of their present excuse, that fellow-nationalists are being persecuted and forced to live in enemy-occupied territory?

There could be no two answers to the question, were it not for the counter-argument that if the Border is to be revised at all, it should be unconditionally abolished; or that, given time, the Border will disappear—less because it is wicked than because it is absurd. I do not think either of these arguments is sound. Since 1921 the two sections, Protestant and Catholic (for practical purposes this is the division), have been rapidly growing away from each other. The economic self-sufficiency policy embarked on by Mr. de Valera in the 'thirties, though mainly designed to reduce Ireland's dependence on Britain, has created an Ireland economically divided by a rigid tariff wall; and there are many other ways in which the peoples of North and South have been coming to accept different standards. In a sense, a Border has become necessary; if it did not exist, it would have to be created.

But if this is to continue, the prospect has to be faced of a continued threat of violence from the South, whenever conditions there are bad enough to encourage young men to seek such an outlet for their frustrations. And in such circumstances, it is particularly important for Northern Unionists to accept the fact that their hands are not clean; to accept, too, that gerrymandering exists, and that religious discrimination is practised against the minority. These evils are inherent in the State of Northern Ireland; and so long as they continue they will encourage reprisals from the South.

Such statements as that which Lord Brookeborough made recently to the effect that Ulstermen regard themselves as British colonists, are untrue and unwise—deliberately calculated to provoke. The decision to meet force with force by sending for more British troops was

DEV'S LAST CHANCE

equally dangerous—confirming, as it did, the view long expressed by Republicans that Northern Ireland is a police state, held down by mercenaries from England. The suggestion, too, which Lord Brookeborough has been trying to put across that the I.R.A. is Communist-subsidized is not merely absurd, but dishonest; Lord Brookeborough knows very well that the chief source of funds is America. The Six-County State in its present form is morally as well as theoretically indefensible; founded in fraud, and maintained by force.

The State has only one justification; it exists. Nobody has yet put forward any way by which it could be altered without bloodshed, or worse. A reasonable settlement, if it is to come, awaits a change of heart and mind in the South. And that is where Cardinal D'Alton's message, given as an interview a few weeks ago in the *Observer*, may be so important. Its immediate impact was probably small; partly because, contrary to a widespread opinion, the Church has little influence on political thought in the Republic. In the past the thunderings of the Hierarchy against Republicans and "Shinners" had little effect; and the public still has a wholesome contempt for the political pronouncements of those few Bishops who are much given to parading their opinions. But Cardinal D'Alton is a respected figure; and when he puts for-

ward the view that the aim should be a United Ireland within the Commonwealth, there is a good chance that it will in time permeate far—especially as it is a view which in recent years has gained considerable support among more thoughtful Irishmen.

If only Mr. deValera could be persuaded, as a last gesture, to fling aside doctrinaire republicanism—to barter the Republic's paper independence (without even a currency of her own the "independence" is really very thin) for Ireland's unity! Then there would be a real chance—not, indeed, of an immediate settlement (because the North will remain intransigent and suspicious for many years to come), but of the creation of an attitude of mind in the South which would make settlement eventually possible, in a way it is not now possible. Mr. de Valera has shown himself flexible before, whenever too literal a devotion to principle has proved impracticable. He is the one man who could now admit that the old ways have failed, and that the new ways must be tried, without losing either face or reputation. Can he now make this decision after a lifetime of republicanism? If he could break with his past, he is capable of doing a magnificent final service to his country, worthy to rank with the many great services he has given her in the past.

BRIAN INGLIS.

WHAT INFLUENCES?

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

MR. FRANCIS WILLIAMS performs a service* in reminding us that much that passes for new in the popular Press is not really so very new. With sex and crime and the gossip-column, the paper written primarily for entertainment, we have to a large extent returned to the tradition of the 18th century, and indeed

* *Dangerous Estate. The Anatomy of Newspapers.* By Francis Williams. Longmans, 24s.

even of the 17th. "What would you have, good woman?" asks the Registrar of the Staple of News in Ben Jonson's play.

I would have, sir,
A groatsworth of news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to the vicar,

answers the countrywoman.

It was Victorian journalism, rather with its passionate concentration on politics and

its burning puritan faith, that dullness was in itself a virtue, which was the exception and the interlude. The 18th century, even when at last it was allowed to print them, apologized for publishing "these disgusting, though necessary, reports of Parliamentary chattering." It is on that Victorian interlude that Mr. Williams is least happy. He describes the monopolistic dominance of *The Times* under Barnes and Delane and its subsequent decline, as a result of the healthy growth of other papers; but in telling his story he makes no mention at all of the Pigott letters. This is indeed to play Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. The authority of *The Times* was utterly dependent on the general Victorian belief that it was completely reliable. The blow to that belief of the discovery that it had been deceived by Pigott's forgeries was mortal. What exact part *The Times* played in subsequent encouragement to O'Shea to take his revenge on Parnell has never been exactly cleared up, but it was certainly not a part greatly to rehabilitate its moral name. The discovery by the late Victorians at the time of the Pigott letters that in order to possess integrity it was not sufficient to profess high-mindedness was, surely, a turning-point in the history of English journalism. But it is with the modern newspaper that Mr. Williams is particularly at home—and particularly with Elias, Lord Southwood, one of the great comic characters of our time, a man absurd even for a newspaper proprietor. Mr. Williams has also an engagingly healthy prejudice against the first Lord Rothermere.

There is no more interesting question than the question what influences opinion. It has often been said—and Mr. Williams repeats it—that the direct influence of the popular Press on opinion is small. I think that that is certainly true, and Mr. Williams proves it. He shows how, though the *Daily Express* has continued to grow in circulation, Lord Beaverbrook has been consistently unsuccessful in his political campaigns—how there is no relation between the ups and downs of fortune of the *Daily Herald* and the success of Socialist policies which it

advocates. Mr. Williams indeed argues that the very qualities which make for Lord Beaverbrook's success as a newspaper proprietor make for his failure as a politician, and I think that he is right.

Nor do I think that it is a mere accident of Lord Beaverbrook's character that he should possess qualities which make at the same time for failure and success. I think that the lack of influence of the popular Press is inevitable in its nature, and for the same reasons I do not think that the radio or television have, or can have, much influence on opinion. The reason is clear. The popular Press and television are often accused of neglecting minority opinions. But there is more to it than that. All the important questions are of their nature complex. It is only a small minority—a minority predominantly of those who will have to take the responsibility of acting on their opinions—which is willing to put itself to the trouble of following out and weighing up the balance of arguments. If your ambition is to entertain as many people as possible, you cannot afford to put before them the complex arguments, for complex arguments are of their nature unentertaining. An opinion that is expressed snappily may convince—if "convince" be the word—those who have no responsibility for acting on it, but its necessary insufficiency is bound to leave the responsible unsatisfied. A totalitarian regime, it is true, commanding all the media of information, while it neither gives nor seeks to give its subjects opinions in any real sense of the word, may at least by constant and uncontradicted repetition succeed in forcing them to repeat its slogans. But mass entertainment, where there is some slight variety of entertainers and therefore of slogans, cannot even do that. As a result, for better or for worse (mainly for better), the influence on opinion of these mass organs is very small.

It is of course arguable that, though they have little influence on direct opinion—though they do not succeed in converting their victims to particular programmes, such as Socialism or Empire Free Trade—they have considerable influence on the general habit of life; that by their sensa-

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tionalism and their headlines they make their readers restless and rootless and unhealthily avid for novelty. To some extent this is true, although of course it is a question to what extent the popular Press makes people rootless and to what extent the Press is popular because it appeals to people who are rootless. On the whole, I think that it is predominantly the latter. Every nation gets the Press which it deserves. It is rather the symptom than the cause of the age. The popular Press is by an odd paradox—as the verdicts of juries are almost daily proving—intensely unpopular, and the millions who buy it and read it also love to see it humiliated, feeling that thereby in some odd vicarious fashion their own humiliation is lessened. Any statesman who has the courage to fight the Press can always beat it. On the other hand, it is by no means always in the public interest that the statesman should beat the Press. The real public service which the Press renders—sometimes *malgré lui*—is that it keeps a certain check on the insolence of authority by its ever-present threat that, if too gross enormities are committed, somewhere and somehow the story of them will get into print. Nothing in fact is more extraordinary than the number of enormities that are committed, of which everyone speaks freely, but which are nevertheless kept out of the papers, and I would say that on balance the popular Press prints much too little scandal rather than too much for the health of society. Still it renders a service by the threat that it will print some.

Mr. Williams is clearly right in saying that not only is there no direct mathematical relation between circulation and influence, but indeed that in order to have influence it is necessary to have a small circulation. It is necessary to have a small circulation because the arguments are intricate and only a few are willing to put themselves to the trouble of following them. If you aim at a gigantic circulation you cannot afford to indulge in those intricate arguments which the few who are influential and responsible demand. It is necessary to have a small circulation, but

it is not of course sufficient that the circulation be small. Your paper must circulate not only among the few but among the right few—what Sir David Kelly has called “the ruling few.” The paper that has influence is the paper that provides detailed, reliable information to the few people who really want detailed, reliable information and whose decisions have effect. As the perfect example of a paper that influenced opinion Mr. Williams chooses—very justly—the *Manchester Guardian* under C. P. Scott. The other highbrow editors of that period, he thinks, made a great error in failing to understand that to have influence a paper must be free, and to be free it must be financially independent and not allow itself to be the creature of the finance of a rich owner or of a party machine. That it is a fatal error that a paper should condemn itself to boredom by accepting dependence on a party machine is self-evident. As for a rich owner, that all depends on who the owner is. A great proportion of the world's best literature—and much of it that which most bitterly attacked the rich—has been financed by patrons.

To-day, of course, the “popular” papers have enormously increased in circulation. But it is not true that they have increased at the expense of the “quality” papers. The “quality” papers, with their much smaller circulations, have increased somewhat more in proportion. The papers that are suffering are the papers of the middle sort—the papers that cannot quite make up their minds whether they are “popular” or “quality,” and which as a result fall between two stools—such as, in particular, the *News Chronicle*. Therefore, while enormously more people in total read papers than did so in the past, the “populars” have in no way drawn their readers from those who previously read “quality” papers. They have drawn them entirely from those who in the past read nothing, and if among the “quality” papers the influence of *The Times* is much less than it was, that is not at all because the climate of opinion is against such a paper—the reverse rather is true—but because of its own sins against integrity.

There was never a time when issues were more complex, when there was a larger number of persons concerned with the management of government, most of them not quite sure of their own opinions, and when therefore there was a larger opportunity for a paper which would give itself sufficient space to explain properly the complexity of measures.

The discovery of the unreliability of *The Times* at the time of the Pigott forgeries was, as I say, a great blow to it, from which up to the 1914 war it had in no way recovered. At the time of the 1914 war it lost further influence owing to the eccentricity and self-deception of Northcliffe. But Northcliffe was so plainly dotty that he could not do very much permanent harm. Indeed, he might have acted as an emetic—reducing the whole business so plainly to an absurdity that it was easier to start all over again from scratch. Mr. Williams is, I think, right in ascribing a greater responsibility for decline to Geoffrey Dawson, and Dawson's disservice was the more damaging because of the high-mindedness of its motives. Had Dawson been merely a vulgar and unscrupulous adventurer out to make money, or a vain clown anxious to entertain, his tampering with news would have been less dangerous, but the blow was mortal precisely because he tampered from a high-minded but misguided patriotism. If it be the first condition for a paper's influence that it be financially independent, the second condition—and one no less important—is that it always remembers that it is primarily a newspaper. "Comment is free, but facts are sacred," as C. P. Scott put it in the famous phrase, and educated men in particular will only allow you to influence their opinions if they feel confident that you have first given them the full and undoctored news, so that they may judge for themselves whether your deductions from it are justified. They will not be bullied into an opinion.

Now the Pigott letters were evidence of an unpardonably careless mistake, but at the least of a mistake. Under Dawson a new principle was adopted—the principle of frank doctoring of the news in order to

support a policy, the policy of appeasement of Hitler. "I do my utmost," wrote Dawson, "night after night, to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their (the German Government's) susceptibilities," and he forced the resignation of his Berlin correspondent by doctoring his reports on Nazi atrocities and of his Parliamentary correspondent by doctoring his account of the House's reception of Duff Cooper's resignation. Mr. Williams is, of course, a strong opponent of the policy which Dawson was then advocating, and certainly, in so far as Dawson's purpose was to prevent an Anglo-German war, the mere fact that there was such a war to a large extent settles the argument and proves Dawson to have been wrong. But whether Dawson was right or wrong in his policy is really irrelevant to this argument. Right or wrong in policy, he behaved in a manner that was morally indefensible and which was bound in the long run fatally to damage the influence of the paper with which he was associated. There is no reason to think that such habits have been followed by *The Times* in recent years, but there has been a tergiversation and inconsistency in its policies which has prevented it from regaining the influence which it has lost.

Mr. Williams in his book does not consider what is the influence of periodicals as opposed to newspapers. Clearly there are a few periodicals which exercise an influence at least as great as, and probably greater than, any newspaper. The general upshot of his book is to leave it much clearer what does not than what does influence public opinion. But what is odd and interesting is the slowness of the Press Lords to understand the smallness of their own influence. Northcliffe quite clearly, up till the last moment of his sanity, thought of himself as much more powerful than he was. Rothermere was quite untouched by reality in his exaggeration of his own importance. Beaverbrook in the evening of his days has come sadly to see his political career as a failure, but until very recently he was still ready to talk of his newspapers as primarily organs of propaganda rather than of entertainment. Even

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to-day the stars of television, repeating the mistake of the Press Lords, simply because their names and faces have become well known, only too frequently talk as if the influence of their opinions was considerable, though in fact it is necessary to question a hundred people who have seen a politician on the television before you can find one who can give an account of what he said.

The reason no doubt for the Press Lords' misjudgment of their influence is that none but a very curiously unbalanced person would wish to be anything so peculiar as a Press Lord. But the truth is quite clear that nobody is much influenced save by what has about it a certain quality of permanence. For that reason the newspaper has an advantage over the wireless, for *litera scripta manet*. One can, if one

wants to, turn back again to the written word. But even among written words journalism in the literal sense of the word—that which is only written for the day—cannot have much influence. It has not the quality of permanence—to remain in the mind after the particular occasion of it has perished. That is the reason why much of the most influential writing in English politics has been satirical writing, writing such as that of Dryden or Swift where the manner quite outlives the occasion. Neither the “quality” nor the “popular” Press to-day look kindly on satire—the “quality” Press because it is not sufficiently pompous, and the “popular” because many people dislike it, even when they are influenced by it, and because it too easily gives offence.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

ON RESIGNATION

THE BATTLEFIELD OR THE PLAYGROUND OF CONSCIENCE?

By HENRY FAIRLIE

POLITICS is a tough business. It must be and it should be so. Political decisions are likely to involve the lives, liberties and happiness of millions of ordinary, rather helpless people. Yet these decisions have to be taken by men and women who share with the rest of humanity a plentiful ration of the seven deadly sins. The permanent and valid interest of politics, indeed, is precisely that it shows human beings like you and me, possessed of avarice, lust, wrath, envy, slothfulness, pride and greed, wrestling with problems of more than ordinary importance on a more than life-size scale. For this reason, it is both inevitable and desirable that the men who take to politics should find that their actions and their motives are constantly tested, doubted and derided in what at times seems to be no more than a rat race.

If this first paragraph appears objectionably cynical to anyone, it is because he cannot recognize that the real wonder of man lies exactly in the perpetual conflict between almost incompatible instincts, desires and hopes—and in the ultimate resolution of that conflict by what I happen to believe is the working of a God-given grace. I have seen enough of politics at close hand in the past ten years to know that this conflict is tense in most politicians, no more tense than in most of us, but brought to the surface and exaggerated by their especial position. I would not readily deride a politician who claimed that he had acted in response to the still small voice of conscience. But I would withhold my particular respect, until it had been proved to me that this still small voice did not happen to chime with the far more insistent voice of ambition or the far more

agitated voice of unsatisfied yearnings.

The apparently most unselfish attitude can easily be the most selfish. We all know the lonely man who is excessively generous because he likes to bind people to him. We all know the millionaire who adopts apparently altruistic causes in order to relieve himself of his guilt feelings—usually, be it noted, causes which do not affect his personal position, like the natives of Africa. We all know the rebel or “man of principle” whose principle becomes so cocooned in his spiritual pride that in the end it dies, and only the husk of his pride remains. We all know the coward who is so frightened of his real desires that he protects himself with a thick hide of vague goodwill and do-gooding—but usually lets himself down by recording his real yearnings in a diary which is posthumously published. Are we to applaud Beatrice Webb for her work for Socialism? Or despise her because it was born of spiritual pride and was devoid of charity? I confess I do not know the answer, and in this article I do not wish to inquire too closely into motives. One is bound to try to understand the motives which make politicians act as they do. But civilized discussion about such matters as politics is only possible if one starts with the assumption that all politicians are trying to do their best according to their lights.

I have only been trying to enter the *caveat* that these lights are many, and that one must not be carried away with the idea that conscience (or something like it) is necessarily the only light or that it is even a clear light. Conscience—or, rather, what we call conscience—may so often be the nearest to a helpful guide that man can follow that I have no hesitation in admitting that politics may legitimately be made the *battlefield* of conscience. But, equally, conscience can be such a nexus of confused yearnings (not all of them good) that I am quite certain that politics may never legitimately be made its *playground*. For you and me the decisions which politicians take are far too serious to allow them to judge every issue by their puny or even messy consciences. Who are they to claim that they may always, at their own sweet

will, pit their consciences against tradition or public opinion or their colleagues or their party? I do not wish what is good for me to be decided by someone who is perpetually working off his resentment against Eton; and that, too often, is what conscience means.

When a man enters politics he tacitly admits all that I have said. He implies that he has the moral stamina to make the choice between two evils, which every political decision involves, without wallowing in the sybaritic luxury of a *crise de conscience*. The editor of the *Economist* may be able to stand aloof from the two evils, his hands unsullied; the editor of *The Times* may be able to pretend that there is a good which has been divinely revealed to him and which can be pursued. But the politician, by the very act of becoming a politician, states that he is ready to dirty his hands, that he is ready to put his name to a decision which he personally dislikes, because it is politically expedient. If he lacks the courage to do this—and it is a rare degree of courage which is needed—then he should not be in politics at all. The politician, in fact, can no longer judge public affairs as if he had the freedom of a private citizen. It may be all right for a schoolmaster in Hampstead to resign from the local branch of his party in order to satisfy his prickly conscience. But the politician is engaged in affairs which are far too serious to allow him to sustain the illusion that his conscience really matters to the 35 million electors.

Is there, then, never any justification for a resignation? Of course there is, but the justification is always a *post facto* one. A resignation is justified if it succeeds. There is no justification for a politician who, by resigning, leaves his opponents stronger than they would have been if he had stuck to his post. If a politician resigns solely in order to have the satisfaction of hanging his clean linen in public, regardless of whether he is forwarding the policies which he is interested in by doing so, then he is behaving in a politically frivolous way. He should confine his activities to the United Nations Association or the Howard League for Penal Reform or any

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of the other innumerable organizations which exist in Britain for the sublimation of one's private anxieties. The important thing in resigning is to time it properly; a premature resignation or a resignation unduly deferred may be frivolous or even fatal. A politician contemplating resignation must weigh with ruthless candour the precise political alignments of the moment. If he does not he might as well summon Sancho Panza and go off to tilt at wind-mills.

If the only justification of a resignation is that it should succeed, what are the occasions which may legitimately provoke a politician into resigning? They are, I think, two. First and foremost, a politician may legitimately resign if, by doing so, he forwards his own career. One can almost hear the cries of pharasaical horror which will greet such an outrageous statement. But politicians are in politics to get to the top—I am talking of real politicians and not the seedy imitations of them who clutter up the back benches and the television screen—and it is a straightforward and proper ambition for a politician to wish to be in a position where he can exercise his own influence and his own power. Once again one must say that politics is far too serious a business to have lily-livered dilettanti aspiring for the highest positions. Politics is about power, and what you and I, if our interests are to be looked after, require are politicians who are not frightened of seeking and then exercising power ruthlessly.

Secondly, a politician may legitimately resign if this is the only way of forwarding a major policy to which he is fully committed. But it must be a major policy, and it must be the only way. By resigning, a politician weakens the Government and party to which he belongs, and he should never do this lightly. The lesser of two evils in politics is *almost always* the maintenance of one's own party in office. A politician who is ready to weaken his party's chances of remaining in office merely because he does not have the guts to defend in public and fight in private a policy which he dislikes is unfit to be a politician. But if he can seriously affirm that it is better for

his party to be ousted from office than to continue on some course of action, then he may, as a last resort, contemplate resignation. A politician must, in this respect, have a sense of humility and perspective, and not imagine that he is the ordained leader of some new movement when he is only the unimportant agent of something which exists quite apart from him.

Let us now have a look at the most important resignations in the past eighty years. First, Lord Randolph Churchill's whirlwind departure from Lord Salisbury's Government in December 1886. In spite of his son's monumental effort to relate Lord Randolph's resignation to the needs of progressive Toryism, no one can doubt that Lord Randolph was prompted almost entirely by personal motives. He wished to establish his personal authority in the Cabinet and chose a trivial issue on which to do battle with the Prime Minister. What was at fault in the resignation was, first, the choice of issue, which no one besides Lord Randolph understood, and, secondly, his failure to assess accurately the political forces united against him. He was perfectly justified in seeking by resignation to strengthen his personal position. He was not justified in so completely misjudging the situation—and he consequently paid the penalty.

Secondly, Joseph Chamberlain's resignation in 1903 on the question of tariff reform. On the face of it, this was a large enough issue to justify resignation. But look what happened. After Chamberlain resigned he tried to conduct a public campaign in support of his policy, mainly through the extra-Parliamentary Tariff Reform League. The result was that the scope of the campaign, as Sir Robert Ensor has said, "insensibly altered." Chamberlain had started the campaign for tariff reform as a part of a much wider campaign for Empire unity. But as soon as he moved his campaign from the Parliamentary to the extra-Parliamentary field even his speeches "very largely became appeals to save this or that 'dying' British industry." Chamberlain's resignation seems to me a classic example of a

misjudged resignation on a major issue. As a result of his resignation he entirely divorced the campaign for tariffs from its much wider and more important political context. He irreparably harmed the movement for Empire unity. He would have served his policy and his country far better if he had stuck it out in the highest councils of the Conservative Party.

Thirdly, Lord Morley's resignation in 1914. This resignation, which was a protest against Britain's entry into the war, seems to me the most flippant in recent British history. This may seem a remarkable assertion to make, since Morley's resignation came nearest to being made on what is popularly regarded as an issue of conscience. But, though I am prepared to respect Morley's or anybody else's pacifism as a personal belief, it is beyond my understanding how Morley could remain a loyal member of the Government which was steadily preparing for war with Germany, and then, at the last moment, decide that his conscience would not suffer the actual declaration of war. Morley should, if he held the beliefs which led to his resignation, have left the Liberal Government—and, indeed, politics altogether—eight years before. He was not fit to be a member of a Government responsible for maintaining British security. He was not, in short, fit to be in politics at all—a conclusion which has been reached by others on different and manifold grounds.

Fourthly, Sir Winston Churchill's resignation from the Conservative Shadow Cabinet over the question of India. This seems to me one of the few justified resignations in British politics of this century. Sir Winston resigned not merely in order to oppose the official policy of his party in the most general sense, but in order to oppose the India Bill, day in and day out, in the House of Commons. Those who witnessed his almost one-man attack on the India Bill in Committee Stage still say that it was the most formidable sustained Parliamentary attack of any generation. He was always there, whatever the hour of the day or night, drilling the regiments of orators which lay in himself. Sir Winston, in other words, resigned for the

specific purpose of going into opposition on one particular Bill and conducting his opposition in a way which was inconsistent with his membership of the party's ruling body. If he had merely dissented from his party's policy and wished to make a few speeches in the country opposing it, his resignation would, I think, have been unjustifiable. But he had set himself the task of fighting the Bill through every stage in the Commons and there was no choice left to him but resignation.

Fifthly, the resignations of Snowden, Samuel and Sinclair from the National Government. These also seem to me to have been justified. In the first place, the circumstances were different from those of normal party warfare. Snowden had remained with Ramsay MacDonald, and Samuel and Sinclair had joined the National Government, on a specific undertaking being given by MacDonald about the introduction of tariffs. This undertaking was broken, and Snowden, Samuel and Sinclair adopted the only course open to those who have been injured by a deliberate breach of contract. In the second place, the resignations of Samuel and Sinclair were not resignations from a party or a party Government; they were resignations of a party from a coalition Government. The object of their resignations was the resumption of normal party warfare—a wholly justifiable reason.

Sixthly, the resignations of Sir Anthony Eden and the present Lord Salisbury, and later of Duff Cooper, from Neville Chamberlain's Government. I find it difficult to support Sir Anthony Eden's resignation on grounds of principle—he showed no wish to conduct a campaign against the Government's policy—but it is defensible on purely personal grounds. No senior Minister can tolerate being overruled by his Prime Minister behind his back; being overruled, that is, not in open Cabinet, but by the Prime Minister's direct and personal interference in the conduct of his department. Lord Salisbury's resignation seems to me to fall into the same category. Duff Cooper's is more difficult, but personally I cannot see that it gained either him or the policy which he

NINE WHO RESIGNED



Top l. to r.: LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (*Picture Post*); JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (*Picture Post*); LORD MORLEY (*Picture Post*).
 Centre l. to r.: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (*Baron*); LORD SALISBURY (*Baron*); SIR ANTHONY EDEN (*Karsh*).
 Bottom l. to r.: DUFF COOPER (*Picture Post*); ANEURIN BEVAN (*Karsh*); SIR EDWARD BOYLE (*Jane Bown*).

supported any advantage. I would have thought that he could have served his country much better by seeking to exert his influence inside the Cabinet, of which he was an occasional visiting member.

Seventhly, Mr. Aneurin Bevan's resignation of 1951. The occasion of this resignation was entirely justified. It was a resignation inspired largely by personal motives, by the mortification of seeing himself by-passed by Mr. Gaitskell in the chase after the leadership. Mr. Bevan was quite right—as events have shown—to sense the personal danger to himself in Mr. Gaitskell's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But, like Lord Randolph before him, Mr. Bevan entirely misjudged the political position. He should have restrained his pique and realized that the Labour Government would last only a few more months and that Mr. Attlee would survive as leader only a few more months after that. He should then have considered the inevitable fact that in opposition the Labour Party would swing naturally to the Left and that he would be in a strong position to assume the leadership. Instead he resigned and drove the Right wing into unnecessarily assertive action against him. If he had not resigned in April, 1951, he would probably be

leading the Labour Party to-day—and that is enough to condemn any resignation.

Lastly, the resignation of Sir Edward Boyle. This remains one of the mysteries of modern politics. Sir Edward is one of the few politicians to-day who, in spite of his girth, suggests that if one sticks one's finger into him one will eventually strike something hard. But there has been nothing hard about his statements defending his resignation. If the issue was big enough to resign on—and he has never made it clear what he thinks the issue was—then it was big enough to demand that he should continue his opposition to men such as Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who were fully implicated in the policies he opposed. If not, then he should not have resigned at all. There is a terrifying complacency about a politician who can endanger his Government, his party and his country merely in order to make it easier for him to come to terms with his conscience. It is, and I say this with every conviction, Sir Edward Boyle who, by a flippant political action, has lowered political standards in this country, not any of those who were prepared to do battle in the only arenas which British politics allow—the Cabinet and the party.

HENRY FAIRLIE.

AFTER THE EISENHOWER PLAN

By DENYS SMITH

ONE of Eisenhower's principle aims since he entered the White House has been to prevent any division in Congress along party lines when foreign policy matters were considered. He has now achieved his aim, but with an unexpected twist. Republicans and Democrats are co-operating not for, but against, the Administration. The two parties were united in opposing the Administration's view that coercion instead of guarantees should be used to bring about an Israeli withdrawal from the Gaza Strip and the Akaba Gulf. They were united in the Senate in dawdling over Eisenhower's plan

to keep Russia out of the Middle East until they were satisfied that Israel would not be coerced.

The Republican and Democratic Senate leaders, Knowland and Johnson, considered themselves mainly responsible for the formula accepted by the Administration and Ben-Gurion, which combined assurances on Israel's future security with an agreement by Israel to withdraw, and they were so considered by their colleagues. When peace was restored in the Middle East, said the New York Republican, Senator Javits, "these two distinguished Americans will be found

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to have made a salient contribution in bringing about that result." Senator Douglas, the Illinois Democrat, declared: "In the past few days, under pressure from the country and the Senate, there has been something of a shift in the policy of the United States Government. This afternoon the United States advocated, on the floor of the United Nations, a policy which some of us have been urging for more than a month. Should not all this be added to indicate that public opinion still operates in a democracy, even though we may have a Department of State strongly prejudiced in a given direction?" Last year's Democratic candidate for Vice-President, Senator Kefauver, agreed. "It was only because of great public pressure, and the position of many leading Members of the United States Senate, in my opinion, that a change of heart in the Administration was brought about."

The Administration was left with the semantic solace that it had not given Israel any "guarantees," but had only indicated that certain "assumptions" or "expectations" of Israel were justified. It also insisted, for the record and for Arab consumption, that there had been no shift in its position. But the Senate felt otherwise. This conviction that a satisfactory Administration policy towards the Israel-Egypt dispute could only be brought about by Congressional pressure naturally influenced the attitude of the Senate on a resolution asking it to surrender powers to the President over another field of Middle East policy.

The Administration freely acknowledged that Eisenhower's Middle East plan (few people now refer to it as a "doctrine") only met one part of the Middle East problem. Other parts, it insisted, were the responsibility of the United Nations, including the question of Israeli withdrawal. This meant, as the Senate leaders quickly saw, that the Executive branch of the Government would pay more attention to the views of the Assembly majority than of the Congressional majority. To get down to cases India's Menon would have more say in fashioning American foreign

policy than Senator Johnson or Senator Knowland. Since the Administration was treating any Assembly resolution passed by a two-thirds vote as something sacrosanct, it had to make sure that its U.N. delegate voted with the two-thirds majority.

Under Senate pressure the Administration was forced to bring the Israeli withdrawal question out of the United Nations and discuss it privately with Israel. A formula for withdrawal which reflected Congressional opinion was reached outside the United Nations. A few days later the Eisenhower Middle East plan passed the Senate, two months to the day after the President had requested it. By contrast the somewhat similar Formosa resolution, warning Communist China that American armed forces would be used to prevent the capture of the Chinese Nationalist stronghold, passed the House one day after it had been requested, and the Senate five days after. Moreover the total votes in the two Houses cast against the Formosa resolution was six, against the Middle East resolution eighty.

The reason for this difference was not that Congress believed the Russian threat to the Middle East less serious or important than the Chinese threat to Formosa. It was a reflection of the increased distrust of Dulles's conduct of foreign policy in general and of Middle East policy in particular.

Some of the Congressional opposition to the Administration's Middle East policy was no doubt due to the voting strength of Jewish sympathizers (a Presidential suggestion that pressure ought to be applied to Ireland to change its hostile attitude towards Northern Ireland would have met with the same difficulty). Some was no doubt due to the fact that the Democrats were playing politics more openly and vigorously than they thought safe during Eisenhower's first term. But there was far more to it than this. The Administration's Middle East policy was criticized as strongly by Republicans as by Democrats, and by members without any Jewish constituents as well as by those with them. There was widespread belief that the Suez crisis had been mishandled last year, that

the Administration had either been blind to or deceptive about the Russian threat to the Middle East. A contradiction was seen in the President's insistence that there could be no double standard of international conduct and its assumption that coercion of Israel would be perfectly proper, although Egypt, India and Russia had equally failed to respond to United Nations resolutions and there was no thought of coercing them. The Administration's talk about the moral force of world disapproval and the need for all nations to show "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" seemed sanctimonious in the face of its own refusal to show a decent respect for Congressional opinion and its own failure to be influenced by Congressional disapproval.

Then Dulles had appeared remarkably evasive when he came before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees to explain the plan. Senator Russell's remark that trying to pin down the Secretary of State to any concrete statement was "like wrestling with a moonbeam in a dark room" evoked a responsive chuckle throughout the Capitol. Finally Senate leaders were particularly irritated at the way in which Dulles had taken the Press into his confidence on the Administration's Middle East plan before giving any information about it to Congress. "I strongly disapprove and deeply resent Government by leak," the Senate Democratic leader, Lyndon Johnson, said during the debate on it. He wanted the State Department to know of his "utter disapproval" of this practice.

Sometimes Administration leaks are to individual newspapers, as was the case when the entire text of the Yalta documents was handed to the *New York Times* by the former Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, Carl McCardle, two years ago. The *New York Times* received a tip from the same source last December 27 that the President was considering a request to Congress for authority to use American troops in the Middle East if necessary. The following evening Dulles invited a select group of correspondents to his home and outlined the full plan to them on a non-

attributable basis. This was on Friday, so those present agreed to hold back the news till Sunday to give more time for complete treatment. Thus the Eisenhower doctrine was born, though the President himself was playing golf in Georgia at the time and had not said a word on the subject. No members of Congress and no foreign Ambassadors knew anything more than what they read at their Sunday breakfast table. Even American Ambassadors in the Middle East itself had no advance information, and had not been consulted beforehand. The American Ambassador to Saudi Arabia said during the Committee hearings: "I heard of it first through the United Press and then over the B.B.C." The Congressional leaders were hurriedly summoned to a White House conference on New Year's Day "only to find that selected newspapers had already received more information than the leaders were given," Senator Johnson complained.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that Congress is a force to be reckoned with more and more in the formulation of American foreign policy, which is an added reason for satisfaction that it has joined the Executive branch in asserting an American interest in the Middle East, combined with a determination to use American armed forces if necessary to keep the Russians out. The present attitude of Congress should be contrasted with the situation before the war. While the Executive branch was striving to erect a foreign policy on the basis of the Kellogg Pact, which would discriminate between aggressor and victim, Congress was passing the Neutrality Acts insisting that both must be treated alike. Whenever the Secretary of State shook his finger, or wagged his tongue, at a potential aggressor, the latter could see Congress, as it were, standing behind him waving a placard which read: "Take no notice. We won't let him do anything." Now by endorsing a whole series of security pacts starting with NATO, and by asserting a determination to check aggression, Congress stands in the background waving a very different placard, one which reads:

AFTER THE EISENHOWER PLAN

"Take heed. We back him up." At the beginning of the year this principle of "clear warning" had been applied to every area in close proximity to the Communist threat except the Middle East. There was a gap between Turkey on the right flank of NATO and Pakistan on the left flank of SEATO. That has now been plugged. Yet this previously uncovered area was the very one which the logic of the situation made the most tempting for Russian expansion, for two reasons.

On its Asiatic boundary Russia had Communist China, on its European boundary a string of satellite States, Finland being a minor exception. To the North was the Arctic ice. But to the South, from the Hindu Kush to the Caucasus, was the only group of border States which were completely independent and non-Communist. Here was a temptation to press into the Middle East which would appeal to Russia as the centre of international communism. The second temptation was one which would appeal to Russia as the heir to Tsarist traditions. Russia's historic interest in the Middle East dates back at least two centuries.

The Crimean War was essentially an Anglo-French effort to block Russian expansion towards the Middle East, to set its limits at the Danube, to substitute collective European security for a Russian protectorate of Christians belonging to the Eastern rites in the Middle East, and to assure freedom of navigation in the lower Danube by the creation of the European Commission of the Danube with its own police and administrative powers. To-day Russian influence extends well beyond the Danube and the international waterway threatened is much further south and of greater importance to Europe.

In the interval between the two world wars the policy of Russian territorial expansion was subordinated to that of consolidating the revolutionary order. Russian imperialistic ambitions were revived with the Molotov-Ribbentrop agreement of 1939, their first manifestation being another partition of Poland. There is an interesting parallel with the 1772 agreement

between Frederick the Great and the Empress Catherine. The earlier agreement on the partition of Poland was followed by a recognition of Russia's right to "accomplish its mission of civilization" in the Middle East. The rival ambitions of Hitler's Germany, the heir to the Prussian and Hapsburg Empires, and the Russians in the Balkans and Middle East was one of the reasons why the Nazi-Russian alliance foundered.

The historic Russian interest in the Middle East, its ambition to become the heir of the Byzantine Empire, was matched by an historical American lack of interest. The King-Crane report, a study by two American Commissioners sent out to the Middle Eastern part of the Turkish Empire after the First World War, is chiefly remembered now because it recommended against the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine. But it also recommended that the United States should take over the mandates for several sections of the old Ottoman Empire. Wilson was pressed to do this at the Versailles Peace Conference during the meetings of the Council of Four, but explained that it was more than Congress would permit. Britain and France therefore were entrusted with the task of guiding the new Middle East nations to independence under the League of Nations.

One would imagine, listening to contemporary comment, that British influence in the Middle East was of far greater antiquity, that it had been eagerly sought and that American influence there had been opposed and was now probably resented. The fact that during the 19th century Britain was completely excluded from the area east of Suez and west of the Persian Gulf, which was under Turkish rule, is forgotten. Western penetration in those days was focused more on Germany than Britain owing to the implications of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway idea.

In the period between the two world wars America's chief interest in the Middle East was in giving diplomatic support to the efforts of American oil companies to obtain Middle East concessions and in insisting on its right to be consulted before

the mandated areas were granted their independence. It might have been supposed that the only interest the U.S. would have was in seeing that independence came as soon as possible. But members of the League could have a voice in determining the ending of a League mandate, so the U.S., not being a member of the League, considered it had a right to prior consultation.

The Second World War ended the period of American isolation, but the Middle East, as has already been noted, was the last area about which the United States showed her concern. Since France and Britain represented Western influence in this area of Russian ambition, it naturally became a Russian objective to undermine Anglo-French influence. It was scarcely true, as American comment suggests, that Arab hostility to Britain, manifested long before the Suez intervention, was due to an anti-Arab British policy. America's first Ambassador to Israel, James McDonald, told the joint Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committee when discussing the Eisenhower plan that the British had appeased the Arabs for ten years and had lost out dramatically. He also gave an interesting example of British efforts to appease the Arabs which occurred in December 1948. The conflict between the Arab nations and Israel still continued. Israeli troops had moved into Sinai. The Foreign Minister, Bevin, could not communicate directly with Israel, since Britain

had not yet recognized the new State. He therefore asked the State Department to transmit an ultimatum to the Israeli Government, saying that unless the Israeli troops at once withdrew Britain would enter the war against Israel. Ambassador McDonald was instructed to convey this ultimatum to Ben-Gurion, who remarked that he could take on the six Arab nations but not the British Empire too, so he would order an immediate withdrawal. The interesting point here is that the British action was taken outside the United Nations, and that it was supported by the United States. If the British ultimatum to Israel last autumn, which prevented its troops driving through Sinai to topple Nasser from his pedestal, was a crime as well as a blunder, then the similar ultimatum in 1948 was equally a crime. And America was an accessory to the crime.

The point which Ambassador McDonald was making was that once American influence replaced British influence in the Middle East, however helpful and well-intentioned it might be, America would in the end find herself subjected to Russian-guided Arab hostility. Against this argument there is the fact that the ultimate source which inspires hostility to the West is now more clearly recognized. The Eisenhower Middle East plan combines a warning to Russia with a promise of assistance to the area. It is in Britain's interest that it should be successful.

DENYS SMITH.

FOUNDERS OF AMERICA

By BRYAN LITTLE

UNDERSTANDING America is a prime duty for all to whom the deepening and strengthening of our Atlantic alliance ranks high. That understanding is not merely a matter of knowing America as she is. The American background, and indeed the earliest origins of the United States, need also to be appreciated. For even so "new," so "planted" a country

as America has a history, by now of no mean length. Her civilized foundations, astonishingly relevant to her more recent story, were laid when Shakespeare was still working or before Strafford was dead. This year of 1957, with its commemoration of what happened, 350 years ago, on the eastern seaboard of North America, gives an excellent chance, with all the vast

FOUNDERS OF AMERICA

amplifiers of modern publicity to hand, to re-examine a long dominant myth, and to place it squarely in its true setting.

For the truth about the founding of English America is that it happened, not on Plymouth Rock in 1620, but at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. The sequence of dates is easily found in any history book, but it is not what many on this side of the Atlantic have got fixed in their minds about the first English colony in what is now the United States. Thousands of English children, if asked by whom, where, and when our North American colonies were planted, would answer: "By the Pilgrim Fathers, sailing in the *Mayflower*, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620." The year 1620, for them, is America's 1066. Such has been the power of the Pilgrim legend, reinforced by great propagandist outpouring at the time of the *Mayflower* tercentenary in 1920. Yet Jamestown, not Plymouth, Massachusetts, was the founding township of British America. More significant for the course of American history, at least as late as 1865, were the geographical facts and human attitudes which lay behind the whole colonizing process in the vital first decades.

The reasons for colonizing were clear enough. The early 17th century, with peace re-established after the long Elizabethan war with Spain, was a time, in England, of economic expansion and commercial venturing. The pioneers gave way to the shrewd, systematic exploiters of overseas discovery. The pre-industrial England of James I, with no more than about five million people, but yet with a host of workless, troublesome "vagabonds and sturdy beggars," seemed over-full and in need of a colonial outlet. The motives, in 1606 and 1607, of the first colonizers were mainly commercial and economic. Moreover some of those, at this earliest stage, who planned new settlements were powerfully moved by a longing to be free from religious persecution and restraint. Even under Elizabeth I the English Catholics had toyed with a scheme to found, in the freedom of America, a Catholic colony. The failure, in 1605, of the Gunpowder Plot increased the pres-

ures upon them. In a mere few months a plan, abortive as it proved but including in its story a month's reconnaissance of the coast of Maine, was made for the settlement in America of English Catholic refugees. As the religious policy of the Stuarts grew stiffer, the urge to emigrate spread both to the Protestant separatists and to the more Puritan elements in the Anglican body. Yet the first of the colonies permanently planted in America had a commercial, and only to a lesser degree a religious, origin.

Leaving on one side the abortive schemes of 1606, the areas of the first English settlement of mainland America were three. First, by thirteen years, Virginia. Then New England, at first with the Pilgrims, then with the far larger Puritan population starting in the Salem-Boston area of Massachusetts Bay. Thirdly, between the other two, the Catholic venture of Maryland. Charles I was by now on the English throne, and the Dutch of New Amsterdam (the later New York) were firmly planted in the American scene.

The name "Virginia" had been given, by Raleigh gallantly honouring the Virgin Queen, to the whole eastern coast, north of Spanish Florida, of what is now the United States. When, therefore, in the early years of Elizabeth I's successor, some gentry and merchants in England combined to set up their colonizing instruments, the resulting chartered bodies were the Virginia Companies of London and Plymouth; what we now style New England went then by the title of "North Virginia." It was the Plymouth Company which sponsored the unsuccessful efforts of 1606. To the London Company, with its allotted zone clearly bounded by the latitude of New York, belongs the great honour of making the first lasting lodgment of English colonists in America.

The London Company's first venture was backed at home by London merchants, lesser politicians, and men who had some access to the Court. Commerce was its mainspring, with brightly optimistic visions of a Virginian wealth to outshine Cathay. Inevitably there was also a religious motive; from its very start the Virginia colony

had leadership and social moulding of a markedly Anglican stamp. Not only would a new land of white Christians be founded, but the Gospel would be brought to the Indian savage. The colony's trouble lay in its lack of sound advanced planning, and in the poor human qualities of many among its first settlers; the "poor white" was early on the southern scene.

The pioneers whose landing in Virginia we commemorate this year sailed, in December of 1606, from the Thames. Their three small ships were the *Susan** Constant, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*; the senior officer on the voyage was Captain Christopher Newport. The leading settlers, with instructions not due to be opened till they reached America, were sailors, adventurers and merchants of the middle class. Of the rank and file we know little in detail, but nearly all of them seem to have come from London or thereabouts; some, perhaps, had been among the groundlings at the first performances of *Macbeth*. Few were suitable for the hard toil of pioneering agriculture; in few could there have been any strong or driving religious urge. For Anglicans, or nominal Anglicans, were not persecuted in the England of 1606.

Late in April, 1607, the three little merchantmen sailed in between Capes Henry and Charles (named to honour the King's sons) and so into the great tidal estuary of the James. Within a month they made their landing and started their humble, log-built, malarial settlement on an island in the tidewater. They called it Jamestown.

Nothing could have been more chequered, inauspicious, or significant than the early story of Virginia. The settlers' worst enemies were their lack of skill, needful knowledge and experience, their largely avoidable losses from sickness and the frequent attacks of the Indians. Of these last, the culminating fury, the great massacre of 1622, cost the lives of over

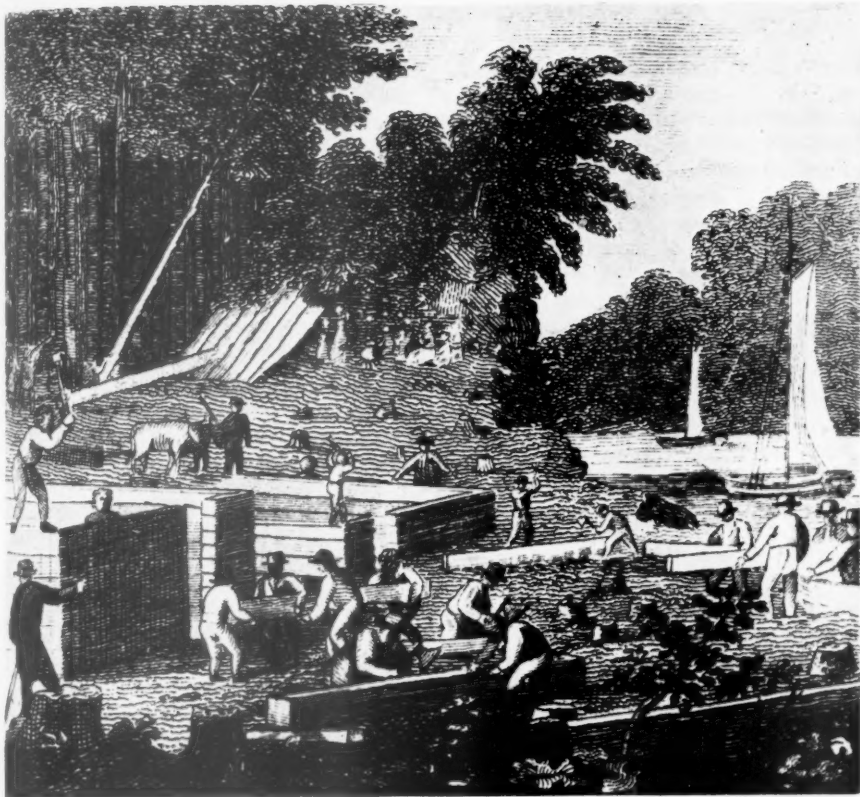
300 "seasoned" colonists. More constant and more insidious were hunger and disease. The ordinary settlers were not "hand-picked," as is the custom with modern immigrants and pioneers. Many came from among the vagabonds and Bartholomew-Fair wastrels, the paupers and the petty criminals of the teeming London streets. Few were suited to the hard agricultural labour which alone could constantly ensure their supplies. None of them, leaders or subordinates, could cope with the steamy fevers of Virginia's undeveloped tidewater country.

So more than half of the first settlers died within a year, and hundreds soon perished of the far larger numbers who came over between 1608 and 1618. In the latter year the whole population, despite constant reinforcement, was only about 600. Yet even in these early days a few Europeans of other than English stock had come, notably Poles and Dutchmen, brought over as artisans to broaden a planting and agricultural economy. The first negro slaves were bought, from a Dutch ship, in 1619. Seven years earlier the profitable culture of tobacco had started, and Virginia, irrevocably, was becoming a planter community. The Virginia Company in 1624 gave way to direct Royal government.

No less important was the absence of militant Puritanism. In the year before the *Mayflower* sailed, settlers came in from the Berkeley country of Gloucestershire. Westcountrymen, as immigration increased, were numerous among the early inhabitants, as also were ironworkers from the Black Country. But they do not seem to have been drawn from the numerous Puritans of the West. The dominant oligarchy, setting the tone and moulding the thought of early Virginia, remained Anglican, and in consequence Royalist when the Civil War broke out. As late as 1652, three years after Charles I had lost his head, the colony held out for his son.

The settlement of New England, like that of Virginia, was much hampered by hunger and disease. What we, at our distance of time, can now realize is how small a relative part in the process was

* There has been much dispute between *Susan* and *Sarah* Constant as the name of the 1607 immigrants' largest ship. It seems, however, far more likely that *Susan* Constant is right. I am indebted to Mr. King Meehan, of the Virginia 350th Anniversary Commission, for a full review of the evidence.



U.S. Information Service.

THE JAMESTOWN PIONEERS BUILDING THE FIRST HOUSES IN THEIR SETTLEMENT. (FROM AN EARLY DRAWING.)

played by the little "plantation" of Plymouth. The Pilgrims are, however, so far as "North Virginia" goes, entitled to all honour as the effective pioneers of a great new colony.

The Pilgrims' own story, from the earliest days of the staunch Brownist congregation in the borderlands of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, is told in the narrative of Governor Bradford. For eleven years the little band of separatists, their only aim being that of religious freedom, lived first at Amsterdam and then at Leiden in the Netherlands. Their numbers were swelled by others of like mind from South-East England; only three of the original refugees were among those who reached America in 1620. Many other schemes for emigration had been discussed, and long indeed had been the

negotiations for a permit from the Virginia Company. Virginia itself, though they knew that an initial hold had been gained some years before, they ruled out because they feared, in so Anglican a society, that their separatist religious practice would be given no tolerance. They even had an offer from the Dutch Government of a location in which to settle. But New England won the day. Some forty of the Leiden congregation left Holland. In England they gathered a much larger number of new recruits, most of them from the London area and not of the "Brownist" persuasion. After their numerous fits and starts, and the leaving behind of one of their ships, the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* left English waters and safely crossed the Atlantic.

The Plymouth colony was soon, and

steadily augmented. Yet its numbers remained modest. By 1630, despite an absence of Indian massacres like that which devastated the tobacco colony in 1622, the settlers only numbered about 300, with about 550 in another seven years' time. Plans had by now been carried out for what in time became the far larger settlements closer to the head of Massachusetts Bay. In 1622 and 1623 expeditions had left Weymouth to found a "fishing plantation" in New England; the venture failed, but its remnants became the real founders of Salem. The sponsors of this little colony, being mostly Anglicans, but of the "Puritan" wing from which strict Nonconformity developed, established the New England Company. New settlers swelled the numbers already there, the Company became the Massachusetts Bay Company, and from 1629 there started the process, continuous and more copious than all earlier efforts in New England, which soon produced a durably compact, well-peopled series of colonies in the area of Salem and Boston. The settlers had powerful backing from rich merchants and some of the aristocracy. They themselves, like the Pilgrims, were of the middle and lower classes. They hailed largely from London and the eastern counties; the character of the new colony was, from the start, that of a consciously religious migration, with Puritanism stamped firmly upon it by the leaders who now fled from the Anglican authoritarianism of Laud and Charles I.

George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore and the founder of Maryland, had become a Catholic and wished to found an American refuge for his co-religionists. Virginia, because of the Oath of Supremacy, he rejected. His eventual location, within Chesapeake Bay, but North of Virginia so as to block Dutch penetration from the Middle Colonies, was granted in 1632, the year of his death. His son Cecilus carried out the plan, and founded in Maryland what amounted to a feudal or manorial domain; the rent, to be delivered at Windsor Castle, was two Indian arrows a year. The colonists, in two ships, sailed from London late in 1633 and arrived next year. Unlike the early Virginians and the Pilgrims, they had none of the deaths and

disasters of a "starving time." They hailed from various parts of England. Most of them were Anglicans, though not the Catholic gentry, and Jesuits who were their leaders, gave saints' names to the first settlements, and largely set the early tone of the colony. Maryland, again unlike Virginia and New England, at first presented a happy spectacle of men of different persuasions combining to form a harmonious whole. But Protestants were the large majority of the later colonists and of the migrants from elsewhere in America. The Catholic character of Maryland, a district akin to Virginia, but of farming and tobacco mixed together, was only imperfectly maintained. But its troubled phase of debated ascendancy comes later than these pioneering years before the English Civil War.

The English colonies, widely spaced and each with its own marked character, were thus well established by the time that Civil War started between Crown and Parliament. By the same time others from Europe had planted their settlements in America. Before ever the *Mayflower* arrived, and almost as far back as the planting of Virginia, Henry Hudson and his Dutch crew in the *Halve Maan* had sailed past Manhattan and up as far as modern Albany. In 1624 the Dutch commenced their Manhattan settlement of *Nieuw Amsterdam*; the colonists were largely Protestant refugees from the Walloon part of what is now Belgium. In twenty years 400 men lived on the island, and eighteen tongues are said to have been spoken. The Dutch had also tried to colonize the future Delaware. But in 1638 a durable lodgment was made there by the colonists of the Swedish West India Company, and Fort Christina was the forerunner of Wilmington. Though in 1655 the Swedish colony had to submit to the Dutch, the Scandinavian settlers stayed on in Delaware, and in the future Pennsylvania, yet more to diversify the eastern seaboard's growing population. Multi-racial America was not the creation of the 19th century or of later decades.

Moreover, the Southern and Northern ways of life differed widely many years before plantation slavery so emphasized

the gulf between North and South. Anglican Virginia, with its yeoman farmers, took its tone from a cavalier community of small squires. New England stayed sturdily bourgeois and Puritan. The Middle Colonies divided themselves between the New England *ethos* and the Southern way of life. The great rift in America's white population was apparent by 1640; there is truth in the notion that the last episode in our British Civil War was not Culloden but Appomattox. Geography, foreshadowing a loosely federal structure for independent America, reinforced the fractional pattern of society.

So too one could foresee, in these early days, an independent nation. Psychologically the settlers were attuned to a polity distinct from those of Europe. Distance and transport hazards were also crucial. The wonder was that for one and a half centuries the political and social links were so well maintained.

BRYAN LITTLE.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *The National and English Review*

CANADA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

From Mr. Robert W. Reford

SIR,

It occurs to me that you might be interested in a Canadian view of the Commonwealth (which is also to be published in the *Canadian Commentator*).

In the first week of November, at the time of the Anglo-French intervention in Suez, few people here expected that the Commonwealth would ever be the same again, even if it managed to survive the crisis it was facing.

To-day there is a new feeling of optimism about this unique association of nations, a feeling that it has a vital role to play in the world and that it must be given a new dynamism. Indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say that the British action in Egypt, far from breaking up the Commonwealth, may end by strengthening it.

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The bonds of any association are stronger when they have survived a time of crisis. Indeed, it is only when these ties have been subjected to stresses and strains that they are proved. Sir Anthony Eden, it could be said, unintentionally practised Mr. Dulles's art of brinkmanship. He led the Commonwealth to the verge of dissolution last November, and by so doing shocked its members into a realization of how valuable their partnership really is.

Certainly, Canada was from the start desperately anxious to prevent a break up of the Commonwealth. In years to come, historians will find in the archives of the Department of External Affairs evidence to show how much we did behind the scenes to restore the relationship that had been so badly shattered at Suez. When we abstained in that first resolution in the United Nations General Assembly to condemn the Anglo-French action, I am sure one of the factors in Mr. Pearson's mind was that only by so doing could he help rebuild the old associations. Certainly our abstention had that result.

Commonwealth membership has always been a fundamental element in our foreign policy. Indeed, in a recent speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Pearson put it first among four facts of life that influence our stand in international affairs, the other three being our membership of the United Nations and of NATO, and the fact that we are a North American nation.

However, this has had different implications through the years. Sir John A. Macdonald visualized the Commonwealth as a series of auxiliary kingdoms bound together by an alliance and united under the same sovereign. This concept of equal partnership was formally recognized by the Statute of Westminster and established beyond doubt during the Second World War.

Since 1945, the Commonwealth has gone through a second stage of evolution, marked by the independence of India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma, with the right of the latter to secede accepted without question. Canada's attitude towards these events has been des-

cribed as one of Olympian detachment. They were regarded as something that was not our direct concern, though we watched with benevolent interest. Only after the new nations were born did we act, helping to devise a formula whereby India and Pakistan could become republics and still stay within the Commonwealth, and giving our full support to the Colombo Plan.

To-day, we are entering a third stage of this development, with the granting of self-government to Ghana, the former colony of the Gold Coast. The process will not stop there, for already promises of independence have been made to Malaya, Nigeria, the Central African Federation and the British West Indies. Indeed, it is the announced purpose of British policy that all the colonies shall be guided towards self-government.

This stage, coupled with the realization of what we nearly lost through the Suez crisis, is giving added impetus to the feeling that Canada must rethink her approach to the Commonwealth. We have always regarded the presence of the three Asian members as a bridge between the peoples of Asia and the West. Ghana to-day and, later, Nigeria will extend this idea to the peoples of Africa.

These new nations that are about to be born will face tremendous problems, even as the Asian members did. Many of them are under-developed and will need advice and material assistance. It may be that the idea of a Colombo Plan for Africa will have to be seriously considered, a mutual assistance programme that would cover colonies such as Kenya as well as self-governing nations like Ghana. When the West Indies are granted independence, their close geographical and trade connections with Canada will create a stronger pressure to force us off our Olympian pedestal.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT W. REFORD.

140 Howick Street,
Rockcliffe Park,
Ottawa.

February 22, 1957.

Next month's issue will contain an article by Mr. John Smith on Britain's economic state and future prospects, with special reference to the Budget; an article by Mr. J. Grimond, M.P., on the problems of a centre party; and many other features.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THE OTHER HALF*

By ERIC GILLET

A PART from a study of the work of W. H. Auden, I have not read anything by Mr. Richard Hoggart, whose fascinating book, *The Uses of Literacy*, deals with aspects of working-class life, with special reference to publications and entertainments, during the last thirty or forty years. The "working-classes" described in this book live in districts such as Hunslet, Ancoats, Brightside and Attercliffe, and off the Hessle and Holderness roads in Hull. The author explains that his fullest experience is of Leeds. Most of the people mentioned had a weekly nine or ten pounds from the chief wage-earner in the house three years ago.

Mr. Hoggart grew up in an urban environment amid many difficulties, but he did not experience, as an adolescent, the assault of the mass Press, as it is known to-day, of the wireless and television, of the ubiquitous cheap cinemas, and so on:

My argument is not that there was, in England one generation ago, an urban culture still very much "of the people" and that now there is only a mass urban culture. It is rather that the appeals made by the mass publicists are for a great number of reasons made more insistently, effectively and in a more comprehensive and centralized form to-day than they were earlier; that we are moving towards the creation of a mass culture; that the remnants of what was at least in parts an urban culture "of the people" are being destroyed; and that the new mass culture is in some important ways less healthy than the often crude culture it is replacing.

It is clear from this short extract that *The Uses of Literacy* must be read before one can say how accurate Mr. Hoggart is in his arguments, and I should like to say now that, although the book begins slowly, I found out very soon that I should be compelled to finish it.

Mr. Hoggart is particularly good on contemporary journalistic habits as shown in the "mass" newspapers and journals. Some of them are pretty harmless but quite nauseating. Nothing can be delivered "straight." Even the simplest news item must be presented with its own "gimmick." "It will rain" has to be "You'll need a mac, to-day, chum." The liberty of the Press equals license to provide what will best increase sales. Tolerance is

carried to such a pitch that it peters out in a region where the standards displayed are as trite and vague as possible. Any defence of any value is made to appear as an instance of authoritarianism and hypocrisy.

It has taken years for all these things to happen, but if the reader will follow up Mr. Hoggart's book with a fairly detailed inspection of certain papers he will be surprised by what he finds.

One of the most depressing features of Mr. Hoggart's exposition is the sad effect—not mentioned here—of the American influence upon the younger generation. The American slouch, drape suits, picture ties, juke boxes, are compared neatly with the things enjoyed by Samuel Butler's "dull, vacant ploughboys." The difference being that the ploughboys worked hard and were certainly not exhibitionists.

On mass-entertainments the author expresses strong feelings. He believes that they are full of corrupt brightness, of improper appeals and moral evasions. They assist a drying-up of the more positive, the fuller, the more co-operative kinds of enjoyment, in which one gains much by giving much. They have intolerable pretensions and pander to the wish to have things both ways, to do as we want and accept no consequences. In addition, the arrival of wireless and television has served as a goad to the more undesirable elements in some popular publications. It is all very well for the General Council of the Press to regret what it calls "immoderate condemnation" of popular papers in a vague and platitudinous justification which Mr. Hogg-

* *The Uses of Literacy*. By Richard Hoggart. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

To the Four Winds. By Clare Sheridan. Deutsch. 25s.

Stars and Markets. By Sir Charles Tennyson. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Dark Ladies. By Ivor Brown. Collins. 18s.

The Producer and the Play. By Norman Marshall. Macdonald. 30s.

It's Me, O Lord! By A. E. Coppard. Methuen. 22s. 6d.

Freddy Lonsdale. By Frances Donaldson. Heinemann. 21s.

The Inheritors. By Richard Church. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Still and All. By Burns Singer. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

G. K. Chesterton. An Anthology. Edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. O.U.P. 7s.

art prints in part, remarking tartly that this sonorous generalization deserves to be called "immoderate apologetics."

It is sad to find that almost all the harm described by Mr. Hoggart in this book is due to the enormous competition between great newspaper and other syndicates. Their standard of success is financial gain and their apologetics are usually without sincerity or meaning, a stricture which might also be applied to much of the stuff that appears in their publications. The most acute problem of to-day is surely how far freedom and individuality can survive the force of these and other pressures. As Mr. Hoggart concludes: "This is a particularly intricate challenge because, even if substantial inner freedom were lost, the great new classless class would be unlikely to know it; its members would still regard themselves as free and be told that they were free."

Having read Mrs. Clare Sheridan's *To the Four Winds* immediately after Mr. Hoggart's survey, I find myself wondering whether Mrs. Sheridan would have any idea what Mr. Hoggart was talking about. She is as strong an individualist as any I have met between the covers of a book this year. She peppers her pages with good stories and famous names, and provides no index. Through her mother's family, the Jeromes, Mrs. Sheridan is a first cousin of Sir Winston Churchill, who appears at intervals and invariably brings colour to the scene when he does so. Each has a strong sense of drama, and I am sure that Mrs. Sheridan has no idea when she is playing to the gallery. She is a sculptress and a diarist of outstanding ability. One feels she might have been a great actress. She has also the talent for getting on to very friendly terms with people, especially famous or difficult people. Lenin, Trotsky, Gandhi, Kemal and Mussolini were among the celebrities Mrs. Sheridan knew well, and they are among those who provide entertainment for her readers here. It is unlikely that a more vivid, intensely felt autobiography will be published this year.

Sir Charles Tennyson, who spent a great many of his boyhood holidays with his famous grandfather and wrote a few years ago an excellent biography of him, has collected his own charming reminiscences in *Stars and Markets*. He can reconstruct home life at Farringford and Aldworth as no one else can, and there is a chapter about the Tennyson's coachman, Knight, which is the best thing in the book. Sir Charles writes freshly about his time at Eton and Cambridge, but his experi-

ences at the Federation of British Industries make dull reading and seem to belong to another book.

Mr. Ivor Brown, in presenting *Dark Ladies*, warns the reader that his book is not intended for specialists. In his opinion classical scholars, classical historians, and Shakespearean experts will find the facts related familiar and the fancies possibly foolish. The general reader is not likely to agree. The book contains studies of Helen of Troy, Sappho, Cleopatra and Shakespeare's Dark Lady.

I think that a great many people will welcome the full and sensible account of Cleopatra's life, which stands out in sharp contrast to Shakespeare's glorious romanticization of her career. It is curious to reflect that the Cleopatra of history was actually in Rome at the time of Julius Caesar's assassination, and one wonders whether Mark Antony took the opportunity of confiding in her at the time his view of the conspirators after the dark deeds in the Forum.

It would not be fair to reveal how Mr. Brown treats Shakespeare's Dark Lady, but it must be said that this essay is a welcome addition to his admirable *Shakespeare*.

To anyone interested in the theatre it will not be necessary to recommend Mr. Norman Marshall's *The Producer and the Play*. He is one of the most sensitive and knowledgeable of contemporary men of the theatre, and his own productions are always marked by understanding and a desire to interpret the dramatist's wishes to the audience.

The Producer and the Play is a history of the work of producers in the modern European theatre and their opinions upon playwrights and actors. Justice is done to the celebrated Madame Vestris, who in 1832 actually staged a box set with a ceiling at the Olympic Theatre, London. It was Vestris who first gave to the Lyceum the elaborately realistic settings which afterwards caused so much pleasure when the Melville brothers followed in her footsteps at the same theatre about seventy years later. Three chapters deal delightfully with the vagaries of Shakespeare's production, and I wish Mr. Marshall had found room for a word about Mr. Richard Flanagan's extremely realistic Shakespearean productions in Manchester during the earlier years of the present century. These were cluttered up with birds and animals, but Mr. Flanagan succeeded in obtaining audiences for Shakespeare, and his *Twelfth Night* ran for over a hundred performances.

Mr. Marshall's tastes are truly catholic, but

THE OTHER HALF

it may be a surprise to some of his readers to find that he considers the most original and genuinely English productions in our theatre to-day are the Crazy Gang shows. "If they could be persuaded to appear in a play," he writes, "they would give a vigorous shake up to our methods of producing contemporary farce, at present the dulllest and most conventional form of production in the English theatre."

Brecht, Stanislavsky and a great variety of continental and modern English producers come in for fair and appreciative treatment, and any student of the theatre will find the book invaluable.

Only a few weeks ago A. E. Coppard died at the age of seventy-nine. He was always a solitary in the literary world. He was born in Kent in 1879, worked in an iron foundry, ran across country and used his prize money to buy books and teach himself to write, worked as a clerk until he was over forty and then managed to earn enough money from his short stories to make literature his living as it had always been his life.

Coppard was a character. His likes and dislikes were strong indeed. His idols were Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Browning and Whitman. He hated Dryden, disliked Donne, and just tolerated Byron and Shelley. He was allergic to the modern poets who "merely rumbled with cerebral bumptiousness." Never a member of any kind of literary clique, Coppard remained as independent in his life as he was in his approach to the short story. Some of these will almost certainly endure.

It's Me, O Lord! is the odd title Coppard has given to his outspoken and refreshing autobiography.

Mrs. Donaldson has written a frank and vivid biography of her brilliant father, *Freddy Lonsdale*, the dramatist. Lonsdale, son of a small Jersey shopkeeper, made a great reputation in the 'twenties and 'thirties as the writer of a series of brittle, witty comedies, and even more successful musical plays. By some odd freak of chance, he appeared to be most at home when his characters were members of the peerage. His life mirrored his plays, but he never found the happiness that he ladled out generously to his own heroes and heroines.

Mrs. Donaldson has been completely frank. Her book is in no way a memorial volume, but a truthful portrait of an extraordinary man, who became so restless and irresponsible towards the end of his life that he was capable of taking a liner to New York on business and

returning to England immediately by the first available ship, merely because he felt like it. On one occasion he even left Hollywood without a word to anyone in the studio where he was working. Beyond saying that he had been forced to go back to London, he never gave a reason for throwing up \$5,000 a week.

Two books of verse strongly contrasting in style came out this month. It is a pleasure to see Mr. Richard Church's *The Inheritors*, which contains the verses he wishes to preserve since the publication of his *Collected Poems* in 1948. Mr. Church writes so simply that it is possible to underestimate the content of his poems and his technique. This is a friendly book and the sincerity of the author's treatment makes many of his poems memorable.

Mr. Burns Singer's *Still and All* is a reminder that there are still poets in Scotland. His approach to his subject-matter is sometimes unnecessarily oblique, but he has something to say and a war poem, "The Transparent Prisoner," shows him at his best.

It is pleasant to welcome to the World's Classics series an excellent anthology of the works of G. K. Chesterton, happily selected with a useful preface by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. It makes an ideal introduction.

ERIC GILLET.

FAITH AND WORKS

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF COMMUNISM.
2nd edition. By R. N. Carew Hunt.
Geoffrey Bles. 18s.

THE second edition of the standard introduction to Communism has been slightly expanded throughout, and greatly with regard to the period since 1945.

Your reviewer has found Mr. Carew Hunt very difficult to fault. Surely a non-economist should have made some mistakes, at least of emphasis, in explaining the Labour theory of value? Not a bit of it—pretty well word perfect. Well then, the dialectic is an awkward topic, since it is not only untrue but also in parts nonsensical. Perhaps the author has taken the easy way out by underplaying this vital element in Marxism? On the contrary, there is a full and accurate plain man's account of it. No week-end Party School lecturer in Novosibirsk could do it better. Turn to something more recent: how about all that obscure stuff on the definition of a People's Democracy? We find an admirable summary with

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footnote references to the best sources. Moreover, the writing achieves a uniform elegant sobriety very rare in these days of hasty jargon.

Mr. Carew Hunt is an unyielding anti-Communist. His personal opinions are very far to the right of the reviewer's:

The capitalist system is open to abuses like any other. Yet those who desire to abolish it would do well to reflect that the only alternative to the profit-and-loss motive that has so far shown any indication of being equally effective is the fear of punishment imposed by a totalitarian state.

Surely a man who thinks like that cannot even understand Communism, is condemned to reflect others' views more or less verbatim, and cannot be trusted to condense, re-state, explain or extrapolate. Again no: he has achieved a remarkable sort of hostile empathy with his material that enables him to place the emphasis right nearly every time, and gives him great sureness of touch in dealing with the growing points and opposing nuances within the system. Thus:

For the moment, however, there is little meaning in the problem which exercises non-Marxists as to whether Russian policy aims at the extension of soviet power or of revolution, since for Marxists trained in the Stalinist school there is no conflict between the two. In fact, the promotion of revolution by increasing the power of Russia is the inevitable result of the failure of Communist Parties to bring it about for themselves. None the less, it may well create a problem in the future, and one which Russia will have to face if she is to retain her position as the ideological leader of world Communism.

This was written before October 1956, of course; the earthquakes of that month have no place in the text.

Nor is the devil denied his due:

Many of Marx's prophecies have, indeed, been falsified. Yet, looked at objectively, it is too early to say that his central thesis has been disproved; and we should do well to recall Jung's observation upon Columbus, who "by using subjective assumptions, a false hypothesis, and a route abandoned by modern navigation, nevertheless discovered America." For, when every criticism has been made, *Capital* remains a very great book, and if the greatness of the book is to be measured by its influence, one of the most important ever written.

This is objectivity indeed from so unregenerate an opponent of Socialism in all its forms.

Two serious omissions there are. First, the present working of the economy is neglected.

There is nothing on nationalization, central planning and the enormously successful development of industry. Nationalization in USSR means bringing industry under Ministers united in a single Cabinet, so that industry and the State are one. It is not a matter of quasi-independent boards, still less of workers' councils; here surely is an effect of ideology on practice that merits discussion. Again central planning is permitted to interfere with consumer's choice, largely because Marx had never heard of consumer's choice; the Soviet faith in central planning can be directly traced to the fact that Marx antedated Menger and Jevons. This, too, is just the sort of information we have a right to expect in such a book. And the fact that this repulsive system is successful, that USSR is now the second industrial power on earth—the omission of this is criminal. Nor can I let pass the implication, in the first quotation above, that the profit-and-loss motive is inoperative in the Soviet economy; it is not true.

The other big gap is, granted the author's interests, even more curious: there is almost nothing about terror. Surely one of Lenin's greatest "creative developments" of Marxism was his advocacy of terror; first in practice, then also in theory. And a discussion of Stalinism without terror is *Hamlet* without the Prince. "Socialism in One Country" is not Stalin's only major contribution to Marxism; there is also the "Sharpening of the Class Struggle as Socialism is Approached," and its practical consequence, the application of terror inside the Party. This book nowhere indicates that Lenin never used terror inside the Party, and that he most explicitly warned against it. Nor is this just an unfortunate omission; Mr. Carew Hunt seems not to have grasped the full significance of the fact. For he tells us that Trotsky would probably have been just as bad as Stalin had he won; but the truth is that Trotsky was passionately opposed to terror inside the Party, and lost the battle because he never used Stalin's methods. It is therefore a very fair guess that there would still have been discussion, and a more or less open Party, under Trotsky; with incalculable consequences for good. Nor can the Thaw after Stalin's death be properly understood unless we see that its essence is the re-establishment of tolerable personal relations, inside the Party. The Thaw is primarily an attempt to make USSR safe for Communists; if the non-Party Lazarus picks up any crumbs of security from the feast of the Party Dives that is a side issue.

TIMELESS MASTER

Serious omissions; but how in a work of such ambitious scope could there not be? These apart, here we have what every gentleman ought to know, and a textbook to which every expert can secretly turn (he would keep it in a brown paper cover, of course), when he needs to "gang over the fundamentals." The title promises impossibly much. The book nearly achieves it.

PETER WILES.

TIMELESS MASTER

SOMETHING FISHY. By P. G. Wodehouse.
Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d.

IN the pre-October days of the year 1929 you seldom met anyone in New York who was not a millionaire. He might be a little short of the mark when you ran into him on Monday morning, but by Friday night he would have got the stuff all right, and be looking round for more." For the informed, there is no need to specify the context; only Wodehouse could have written it, and it marks his return once again with yet another book.

Something Fishy is a typical Wodehouse imbrolio of the later period; a lot of old friends are introduced, including Lord Uffingham, who, in *Money in the Bank*, posed as a butler in his old ancestral home in order to try and discover some diamonds he had absent-mindedly hidden there, and is now boarding out with his butler in a London suburb. (What happened to the diamonds, I wonder; he certainly had them at the end of the previous epic.) Keggs, the butler, seems to have mellowed a good deal since we first met him in *A Damsel in Distress*, cheating page-boys out of half-crowns. And Percy Pilbeam pursues his triumphant career, which has taken him through many books, of a nasty little private detective. Before that, it will be recalled, he was the nasty little editor of Lord Tilbury's nasty little paper, *Society Spice*.

No, the formula does not change, nor does the plot. Indeed, in this book, even though Mr. Wodehouse has introduced a new element in the form of a tontine, he seems to lose interest in the plot and winds it up suddenly as if to say, "There you are; I told you I could still do it." But then, no one buys a Wodehouse book expecting to be surprised; they buy them expecting to be amused, and, once again, the master touch has not failed. Above all, one buys Wodehouse for the joy of reading his prose style, for there is hardly a greater master of the English language now living. His great trick—the extension of a

platitude into something absurd—still never fails to astonish and delight. Keggs, the butler for instance, "looked almost precisely as he had looked a quarter of a century ago. Then he had resembled a Roman emperor who had been doing himself too well on the starchy foods. His aspect now was that of a somewhat stouter Roman emperor, one who had given up any attempt to watch his calories and liked his potatoes with lots of butter on them."

The only puzzle about Wodehouse is why he has survived. By all the rules of literature, he should have faded out years ago, for the formula is the same now as it was when he first turned from writing school stories to writing novels in the early years of the reign of King George V. The secret lies, I think, in the fact that his material does not date. Five learned critics discussing Wodehouse on the radio the other day tried to give a date to his characters; finally, they settled on the 1920's, ignoring the fact that *Piccadilly Jim*, the first of the classic Wodehouses, was written well before the First World War. In fact, he is timeless; his characters and their setting never existed on land or sea, but they so nearly existed at almost any time. The setting against which they play out their comedy is immaterial; Lord Emsworth and Jeeves, the two finest of the fantasies with which he has peopled his world, could fit happily into any society or function in a void. It is immaterial.

Through forty years of changing taste Wodehouse has endured. He has even withstood the charge of treachery, though it is still occasionally flung against him. A critic engaged on an examination of English humour recently wrote off Wodehouse as semi-Fascist, on the evidence, not only of his broadcasts from Berlin during the war, but of his novels before it. Apparently, Mr. Wodehouse was always rude about Stalin, and appeared to admire Mussolini. I see nothing wrong in being rude about Stalin, and, if he did admire Mussolini, he was in good company. Many people admired Mussolini who could not by the remotest stretch of the imagination be called Fascists. The only Fascist who actually appears in a Wodehouse novel is the "Black Short" leader, Roderick Spode; so-called because, all the "Shirts" had by then been used up. Few of his characters have been made to look more ridiculous.

But the broadcasts are a more serious charge. Because of them, the greatest living English humourist remains exiled from his native land, and has recently taken American

nationality. Admittedly, the broadcasts were a mistake; Mr. Wodehouse overlooked the fact that in wartime people are not rational. The stream of abuse which descended on his head because he broadcast from an enemy country, where he was being held prisoner, in wartime, continues to this day, and in most cases it is spurred on by people who have no idea what he said. The fact that he said it was enough.

But though a mistake, they were certainly not treacherous. Propaganda they were, but propaganda *against* the Germans, not for them. They were published in their entirety in *Encounter* and they reveal, not only the horror of the German method, but the extreme stupidity of the German mind. Ridicule is a deadly weapon, and never more so than in the hands of a master of the ridiculous. His account of German N.C.O.'s taking roll-call in an internment camp is supremely funny, and, though it is funny also, his description of the internees being conveyed a long distance in inadequate accommodation is harrowing.

Our destination, we discovered when we got there, was Liège, where we were to be put up in the barracks, and we made the nineteen-hour trip in those "*Quarante Hommes, Huit Chevaux*" things . . . in other words, cattle trucks.

I had sometimes seen these on sidings in time of peace and had wondered what it would be like to be one of the *Quarante Hommes*. I now found out, and the answer, as I had rather suspected, is that it is not so good. Eight horses, if they had stunted their growth by cigarette smoking as foals, might manage to make themselves fairly comfortable in one of these cross-country loose boxes, but forty men are cramped, especially if they are fifty men, as we were. I suppose a merciful oblivion comes over a sardine before it is wedged into the tin, but if it could feel, I know now just how it would feel.

The wonder is, not that Mr. Wodehouse made the broadcasts, but that the Germans not only allowed them, but actively encouraged them. One can only put it down to their absolute deficiency in humour.

I often wonder what would have become of Mr. Wodehouse if he had not stuck to comedy. The answer is given, perhaps, in a short story published during the First War, called *One Touch of Nature*, reprinted in the collection of short stories, *The Man With Two Left Feet*. It is a fascinating exercise in *grand guignol* that Saki might have envied, and it reveals depths in Mr. Wodehouse which might not be suspected from Jeeves & Co. However, he stuck

to comedy, and we can rejoice in his latest effort. His place in English letters is secure, his stylistic influence unbounded. As long as men continue to read, they will, I hope, split their sides at his most extravagant farce—Gussie Fink-Nottle presenting the prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School, for instance—or satire.

When the time comes to erect his tombstone, and I hope it is still far distant, they need only write on it, "All his life, he made men laugh." There could be no finer achievement, and it would be truer than most epitaphs.

PETER KIRK.

IRREGULAR WARFARE

THE DESERT MY DWELLING PLACE. By Lt.-Col. David Lloyd Owen. Cassell. 18s.

ONE of the unexpected things about the second world war was the extraordinary scope the fighting of it gave to private enterprise. The literature of irregular operations between 1940 and 1945 is now so vast that the fact has almost ceased to be surprising; but the fact is that in this, the most highly organized, technically complex, "total" war ever fought, the enterprising amateur seems to have had an astonishingly fruitful time. One has only to compare the one well-known guerilla episode of the first world war with the almost fantastic plethora of free-lance activity in the second, to be struck by the question how it was, after all, that the amateur succeeded in making such inroads into the professional's field in what should have been the most professional of all wars ever fought.

Perhaps part of the answer lies in the fact that "total" war by definition includes everybody, and the totality, at least of Englishmen, necessarily includes a large number of strong-minded original personalities, not to say eccentrics. There are plenty of these in *The Desert My Dwelling Place*. But another part of the answer probably lies in the fact that originality and eccentricity are not the monopoly of amateurs and free-lances. General Wingate in Abyssinia and Burma, General Laycock in Crete and North Africa, and Brigadier Myers in Greece, are sufficient evidence that the professional mind can be effectively turned to irregular warfare. Colonel Lloyd Owen, who eventually commanded the celebrated Long Range Desert Group, is another who applied intelligence and imagination to the task of imposing professional

Irregular Warfare

standards on enterprises that would simply have been suicidal and even pointless without them.

His book tells the story, ostensibly for the benefit of his small sons, of a period of rather more than a year (1941-2) when he was commanding a patrol of the recently formed L.R.D.G. in the North African desert. It begins rather earlier than the date of his joining, with two chapters describing the trials and frustrations of an impetuous young officer on regimental duties early in the war. There follows an intensely interesting account of the formation of the L.R.D.G., the circumstances in which the writer joined it, and the operations he took part in. The book ends with a vivid description of the ill-fated raid on Tobruk, after which Colonel Lloyd Owen was badly wounded in September, 1942. By this date he was still not yet in command of the L.R.D.G. as a whole, so perhaps his children have another volume to look forward to.

Quite apart from making thrilling reading, the book gives an extremely valuable impression, from a professional's point of view, of a type of operation which may in future wars no longer be regarded as unconventional and fantastic but as a normal part of military training. After all, with other means, it is the same type of operation that the Mongols conducted from Central Asia five centuries ago. This is the kind of history that has a way of repeating itself. Colonel Lloyd Owen's judgments on personalities and methods may well have a value unsuspected as yet by his sons; and meanwhile they are in for a good time too.

C. M. WOODHOUSE.

Novels

WITHOUT LOVE. Gerald Hanley. Collins. 13s. 6d.

CHALLENGE TO VENUS. Charles Morgan. Macmillan. 15s.

THE BRIDGE. Pamela Frankau. Heinemann. 16s.

THE LAST CRUSADER. Louis de Wohl. Gollancz. 16s.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. Jean Bloch-Michel. Longmans. 13s. 6d.

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Novels

sion. He uses his settings with authority and his characters have the will to act. His style is direct, muscular and immediately readable. These are formidable gifts; they made *The Consul at Sunset* and *The Year of the Lion* entirely successful.

In *Drinkers of Darkness* I felt that, for the first time, Mr. Hanley had allowed his situation to slip away as his material expanded. Certain tendencies in that book are carried a stage further in *Without Love*. Michael Brennan, the chief character of the book, is an Irishman, a renegade Catholic who has become a revolutionary. He has been both Nazi and Communist; when the story opens he has been sent to Barcelona to liquidate a former comrade who is about to go over to the other side, taking his dossier with him. Brennan has killed before; he has no friendship with his victim; the assignment should not bother him. Yet it does. He has tried to stamp on the Christian values, yet in Barcelona, through a haze of drink and lechery, he finds them stirring in his heart. Battling for his soul are good and evil angels: the first his sister Una; the second Kowalski, from whom he takes his orders. Another contestant is his Spanish mistress, Lola, who offers, simply, escape.

It will be seen that the situation is potentially dramatic, its issue is continually in doubt and its outcome not wholly expected. The Spanish scene, the continual undercurrent of violence, the still unresolved conflicts of the civil war, is admirably conveyed. But there is far too much talk and a lot of it is inferior Graham Greene. Brennan, who is continually talking about his dilemma, does not command the stage as he should; Una, the pious sister, is not very credible; Lola, the Spanish mistress, is the well-known good-natured harlot. Kowalski is the most interesting character. He is the no-sayer, the man without love, the pattern of all those dehumanized men who have suffered everything and are capable of anything; men whose frightening faces are sometimes seen in the byways of our cities menacing our peace of mind. Pujol, the Spanish policeman who is on the track of the conspirators, is well-drawn; he is a man integrated with his racial culture, but not uncritically. Only Brennan eludes us, his problem is stated and we feel with the writer that it is important. But the insight into the lost soul, so terrifyingly commanded, in their different idioms, by Conrad and Greene, is not here and therefore this admirably conceived novel is a step short of profundity. It is none the less better than nine out of ten books published.

NOVELS

Challenge to Venus is Mr. Charles Morgan's first novel for six years. It is set in present-day Italy and is about the brief and passionate love affair between an Englishman and an Italian princess, the descendant of a family of Renaissance tyrants. It seems ungracious, in the spite of novels dealing with sordid lives and written in disorderly prose, to cavil at Mr. Morgan's faultless cadences and civilized protagonists. But a love story must evoke feeling; if the high romantic idiom is used the feeling must break through. *Challenge to Venus* is artistically shapely but over controlled; renunciation comes a shade too easily, like the note of elegiac regret after the second liqueur brandy.

Miss Pamela Frankau is a natural novelist, her people have the breath of life and, although the situations in which she displays them may be stereotyped or melodramatic, her sharp eye and perfect ear for dialogue give an extra dimension. *The Bridge* is a study of two lives which have gone wrong; the man David, a self-indulgent charmer; his wife Linda, a tough, clear-eyed creature who thinks that life

can be successfully managed by intelligence. Between these two is genuine love, and the collapse of the self-sufficient, agnostic Linda before the blows of life is the most moving thing in the book. Miss Frankau has chosen to set the story in a form which, for me, goes a long way towards destroying its immediacy; the episodes of his life are told by David after death as he retraces the steps of his tragedy with an angelic Guide. This allows the novelist a degree of omniscience otherwise impossible and it enables the curtain to be raised and lowered at appropriately dramatic moments. I personally find the supernatural framework off-putting, but there are probably thousands of readers who will find it the only comforting element in an otherwise comfortless story.

Mr. Louis de Wohl has a very rare gift; he can make goodness interesting. In *The Last Crusader*, as in his earlier books about Saints, he shows also a remarkable power of entering an historical period, seeing its people and happenings with that matter-of-factness with which they saw themselves and accepting their

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Dangerous Estate

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Book Society Recommendation

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psychological attitude towards marvels or cruelties without feeling the need to annotate. His *Last Crusader* is Don John of Austria and I will say at once that it is worthy to stand beside Chesterton's *Lepanto* as an epic of heroism. John of Austria is seen first as a small boy playing at battles with a horde of village ragamuffins, he is seen at the end in the hour of his triumph, "The man sent from God whose name was John." In between we have the story of his uneasy youth at the court of Philip II, alternately favoured and snubbed; the horrible story of the wretched Carlos, Philip's degenerate son; Juan's own love story and the gathering political storm which provided him with his occasion of immortality. In Don John of Austria the author sees the last of the true Crusaders, those who felt it an outrage that the Crescent should abase the Cross. In his pictures of the Spanish court Mr. de Wohl does justice to the greatness of Spain while never glossing over the dark cruelties which obscured it; he deals lucidly with the political rivalries of 17th century Europe, and if his portrait of the Princess of Eboli, that famous one-eyed charmer, is rather too like a smart American clubwoman, the

portraits of Philip, Carlos, John and Pope Pius V are vivid and convincing. And the famous battle is quite admirably described.

The Flight into Egypt is one of those very painful European novels which remind us that, after all, we in Britain have suffered very little. Its story is of the simplest, a French family escaping from the Germans detaches itself from the horde of refugees and penetrates into remote country where they have to reconstitute the means of living. The hardships and the solitude do not, however, unite them; secret hostile personalities creep out of the social shell, a son turns against his father, the wife grows to resent her husband. If there is a moral it is not at all clear, but the intensity of feeling galvanizes the scanty action until the reader finds himself immersed in this nightmare world with its curious tensions and consolations. It is not a book for entertainment, but it gives considerable food for thought.

Robert Carse's *Grand Circle* is described on the jacket as a "grand story." Those versed in publishers' jargon will recognize this as implying just a shade more literary quality than a "great yarn." It is the story of a young American sailor of the 1840s who is unkindly given, by his prospective father-in-law, the command of a whaler just when he is about to marry his very willing fiancée. So the poor girl has to be left on the quay while he goes off to face the rigours of whaling with a suitably villainous crew, whom he manages like a true film hero. All this part is good unexciting entertainment, but then the vessel, full of whale oil, gets lost at sea, most of the crew die of scurvy, but the skipper and a few others fetch up on a Polynesian island, full of noble savages, dusky charmers, and so on. I felt sorry for Phoebe waiting on the quay, but her man comes back in the end, and the story can be recommended to film producers looking for something suitable for those outer reaches of the circuits which couldn't take *Moby Dick*.

RUBY MILLAR.

Macmillan's have re-entered the "paperback" field (they produced a successful "People's Edition" series seventy-five years ago) with a new series entitled *St. Martin's Library*. The first volumes in this include, among others, an abridged version of "The Golden Bough," two of Hardy's novels, and part of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography. The print is excellent and the prices moderate (6s. and under).

The English Empress

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A study of the relationship between Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter, Empress Frederick of Germany. Count Corti includes many extracts from their voluminous correspondence, which have never before been made public. There is an illuminating introduction by the Empress's grandson, Prince Wolfgang of Hesse.

412 pages Illustrated 42s. net

CASSELL

Art

GEORGE STUBBS AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

(Until April 7, 1957)

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

THE *Hunter in a Landscape* (25) signed "Geo. Stubbs 1779," is suggested by Mr. Basil Taylor's excellent catalogue of the exhibition to be identical with Lot 62 of the painter's sale: "Portrait of a horse, formerly the property of Sir Charles Bamfylde, introduced in a landscape with a distant lighthouse, being a view from nature in Italy." Stubbs indeed had taken ship to Italy twenty-five years before, and had doubtless encountered in the Roman Campagna, where it reaches the coast, every constituent of his chosen scene. But the arrangement of the dark umbrella pine; which closes the vista at the left of the foreground, with the lighter trees on the bluff beyond, is the contrivance of an eye schooled on Richard Wilson, not a portrait of particular landscape.

That Stubbs should have used such gentle artifice, or indeed such operatic clouds of purple and grey as we find in the *Laura with a Groom and Jockey* of 1771, for the setting of English thoroughbreds painted to the order of English patrons is hardly surprising in an age when Reynolds and Hoppner opened behind the full-size portraits of Englishmen park views treated in the landscape conventions which had been established in 16th-century Venice and in 17th-century Bologna and Rome. The distinction of Stubbs' *Hunter in a Landscape* is in the finality of placing the bay arab, a rhythmic flow of outline, a substantial horse shape with the shape of the lighthouse beyond: one dark silhouette and one much paler. The excitement, made possible by such assurance in the disposition and control of shapes, is in the approach of the animal's nose to the thistle flower. Just as the muzzle and nostrils are anatomized, so that plant is precisely observed—and how we miss the sketch books which, on the evidence of this exhibition alone, must have contained intense studies of thistles, docks and wild lilies! A pine frond attaches itself to this pattern of concentration, increasing the tension by subtle ambiguity about its planimetric

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(*The Times*)

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MARES AND FOALS IN A LANDSCAPE. LORD MIDDLETON'S COLLECTION.

relation to the other contours. Stubbs characteristically was able to explore his love of the local associations of shapes and spaces without disrupting the general stability of his design. Indeed, these elements of his picture-making thrive off one another. It is a curiosity of taste that this actual picture may have been one which returned to his own collection, and which was suffered by clients to remain there.

Stubbs' cool mastery of shapes is nobly demonstrated in *Horse with Jockey Up* (21) where the construction of the silvery white starter's box is raised by him almost to the rank of *grand sujet* in itself. Such fulfilment of desire to abstract structure without diminishing the tangible reality of things, puts him on an eminence in the history of 18th-century painting in Europe, shared only with Chardin. This picture also is one which shows him a painter who felt free in the interest of his main purpose to tamper with the polished world of horsemanship, whatever his patrons might or might not care to notice. The world of the racing stable was sacrosanct amongst the English. But what jockey lived that would rest his rump so uncomfortably on the cante of his saddle except in the overriding pictorial interest of letting the curve of

the leather take up the taut line of his breeches!

The exhibition manifests further how, as occasion required, Stubbs took liberties even with the action of the sacred horse itself. In *Huntsmen Setting Out* (4), from a Dutch-lit village, the movement of the hunter's neck is pictorially satisfying at the centre of the composition, but not literally convincing. The foals in Lady Mountbatten's picture dance on stage like ballerinas. In both these instances Stubbs remained in fair control, although some equine movements were understandably beyond his range. And we may think not only of the played-out legs of galloping horses in his superb picture of *Gimcrack* on Newmarket Heath (18), but of *Baron Robeck on Horseback* (16) who, in putting his mount through the paces of *haute école*, is frozen to a desk-sized equestrian monument.

Stubbs is most complex in his attitude to landscape. A thistle takes on an almost magical super-realism in the context of the stagily furnished, mock-Italian backdrop to Lord Spencer's beautiful *Scapeflood*. A *Spaniel with a Woodcock* (42) is *nature morte* throughout, deadened not least by the stock repertory of Franco-Flemish landscape. Yet,

hanging beside it, the sense of shape and control of tone—most difficult when the principal shape is large, white, and woolly—of *A Poodle in a Punt* (40) is complemented, not marred, by the background. And no painter has shown himself more sensitive to the quality of lakeside mist before the sun tops the trees than Stubbs does in *Two Horses* (not in catalogue). Here the grey and the bay breathe and converse in their special beauties before the heat of the day. Stubbs can also bring out of landscape a mood to match houghnhms. The romantic passion of *Jupiter and a Mare* (27) suffuses tree masses and the peep to the utter distance of a scene which carries English landscape forward from Wilson to Turner himself. Beside this terrific vision, Stubbs' feeling elsewhere for the freshness of the early Gainsborough in touching off the oaks and meadows and plough looks merely charming.

In conclusion, it seems best to illustrate one perfect work of construction and feeling, Lord Middleton's *Mares and Foals in a Landscape* (33), an impeccable solution to the compositional problems posed in the frieze of the *Mares and Foals* (30) that are strung in groups across a plain background. In the finished picture, which can stand comparison with the great Gainsborough of a similar subject now at Kansas City, there is a river landscape lit as a storm cloud passes in the distance. And here there is the absolute touch of nature which invests the landscape with the quality of portraiture, a sketch to put beside the early works of Constable. The sentiment and local sense is wholly individual, wholly English. With *Hambletonian Rubbing Down*, the first life-size portrait of a horse since the frescoed hall of Giulio Romano's *Palazzo del Te*, we pass to one of the great triumphs of European painting, a stupendous masterpiece which each visitor to Whitechapel must discover for himself.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

MUSIC'S WILD MEN

By ROBIN DENNISTON

THE most recent "Music of a Century" concert at The Festival Hall had everyone floored except the percussion players of the L.P.O., to whom went the chief honours

of the evening. The programme concentrated on orchestral experimentation, of the sort that was so fashionable in France and America in the 1920s, and which is now dismissed as out of date. Varèse's *Ionisation*, is written exclusively for percussion. Alpha to the orchestra, gamma plus to Varèse, who in his search for pure noise uncontaminated by tradition and association, avoids monotony by some quite exciting piano passages. This, however, merely proved *hors d'oeuvres*. Jolivet's Piano Concerto, a product of the 1950s, but temperamentally a manifestation of the inter-war period, is to be taken seriously. Its impact is, and must be intended to be, purely percussive; it can draw pictures of mystery, or primitive Chaos, of desperation. But these pictures are incapable of development precisely because of the limitations of the orchestral techniques adopted. Melody, harmony and counterpoint can be developed infinitely; rhythm cannot. In rejecting the accumulated tradition of the past and in



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Music

projecting not necessarily novel musical ideas into new forms and new disciplines, what exactly is achieved? Not, certainly, great music; that no one would claim. But at least originality, excitement? Personally I find Haydn's String Quartets much more exciting, and in a way more original.

One must, of course, distinguish between obscurity through profundity, which characterizes Vaughan Williams's later symphonies (and also Beethoven's later piano sonatas) and obscurity for its own sake, which conceals besides a quest for originality *per se*, perhaps a wish to shock, perhaps a genuine impatience with existing forms—but not much more. Philippe Entremont did his best with the solo part in the Jolivet concerto, but with music of this sort who, except the conductor, the composer and the soloist, can judge the quality or even the accuracy of a performance?

The other purely "experimental" piece (we also had Stravinsky's *The Firebird* suite beautifully played, and the *Rio Grande* and the *Bolero* as makeweights) was George Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique*. Again purely percussive, with the addition of four pianos, two xylophones, a glockenspiel and some unmentionable noises, including aeroplane engines and telephone bells—all, no doubt, a glorification of our factory age (Antheil thought his music should sound like an incredibly beautiful machine). After listening to this, the desire to be facetious is overwhelming; my neighbour commented, "They would never have allowed this on 'Workers' Playtime'."

Hermann Scherchen conducted. He was much needed.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

N.B. The remaining "Music of a Century" concerts will be on April 1, 15 and 29, and May 13 and 27.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

A Hatful of Rain. By Michael Gazzo
(Princes Theatre)

THIS piece of present-day realism is about an ex-G.I. with a fine war record and a nice disposition, who does not want his wife to know that he has become a dope addict. He is helped in this laudable intention by a dumb but devoted brother, and hindered by a

THEATRE

greedy father and three blackmailing thugs who keep him supplied with the stuff. Thus far, it is a good idea for a play, and the author, Michael Gazzo, has a real gift for dialogue and characterization. But, as if he mistrusted his own talents, he has overlaid the basically interesting structure of the play with layers of dreary and badly-argued psychology which end up nowhere; a somewhat banal threatened miscarriage ends Act II; and Act III opens with ten hideous minutes during which we watch three "junkies" inhabiting their particular hell.

The falseness of his surface philosophy is thrown into sharp relief by the way in which Mr. George Coulouris has chosen, or been directed, to play the father. Admittedly, he is supposed to be a stupid character, but shouting every line with apparently no comprehension at all is bound to make things more of a muddle. Messrs. Colleano and Wanamaker are good as husband and loving brother, and Sally Ann Howes, if not fitting in with our general idea of a frustrated American wife, gives a sincere performance and could sound like a hottentot for all this writer cared as long as she continued to look so lovely.

The Wit to Woo. By Mervyn Peake (Arts Theatre)

Mr. Mervyn Peake has sought to enrich a familiar joke (the rejected lover winning his lady by pretending to be someone else) with his own considerable and picturesque talents as a writer and artist. The setting, a Gormenghastian castle, is rich with expectancy, and so is quite a lot of the language, although this is occasionally so elaborate as to suggest a parody. But it is the almost insulting falling-off of the last act (and the miscasting of several characters) that finally condemns the evening.

And yet there is some excellent fooling, notably from Wensley Pithey as the top-batted malingering father, suspended above the stage in his outrageous bed and shooting at bailiffs with a rook-rifle while coloured snow falls through a hole in his bankrupt roof. George Howe is equally in form as his medical crony, and Kenneth Williams, quick as a lizard, exacts our fascinated attention every second he is on the stage. Colin Gordon has too positive a personality to suggest the inarticulate Percy, but comes out well when he transforms himself into October, his alleged cousin come to mourn at Percy's funeral.

Zena Walker did her best as the girl-it-was-all-in-aid-of; but this also was too much. The part was written for a Joan Greenwood in Zuleikan mood.

But it is to be hoped Mr. Peake will not be discouraged. Perhaps next time, he and Mr. Douglas Home could finally fuse into one person, like Percy and October. If imagination and technique could be combined, what a very good play we should have!

The Iron Duchess. By William Douglas Home (Cambridge Theatre)

The English have no sense of humour—only an overdeveloped sense of the ridiculous. Thus the playwright who seeks material success on the English stage must learn to avoid satire and concentrate on farce. Mr. Douglas Home, having hit the jackpot with plays such as *The Manor of Northstead* and *The Reluctant Debutante*, could hardly be expected to abandon such a profitable line of business; and *The Iron Duchess* is in the same excruciating tradition. The plot is quite ingenious, and there is an excellent moral (though this is hammered home with a relentless lack of artistry); but the lines and the characterization are such as to make *Charley's Aunt* seem like a subtle comedy of manners.

To the well-tried gimmick of broad English farce Mr. Home adds the 20th-century trick of giving the masses an entirely imaginary glimpse of life among the landed aristocracy. This technique has proved very rewarding to Miss Nancy Mitford, and Mr. Home is making the best of it as well. His country house and its noble inmates bear no relation to the truth, either past or present; but the box office has its reasons *que la raison ne connaît pas!* The misspent cast includes Athene Seyler and Ronald Squire, and the latter's performance goes far to redeem an otherwise rather painful experience.

KAYE WEBB.

British Business To-day THE MOTOR TRADE DUDLEY NOBLE

IN spite of obstacles put in its path—and they have been many and varied—the British motor industry presses forward with courage, confidence and a good deal of

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

intimate knowledge of what the international motor car buyer is willing to buy. Since the war British cars and trucks have invaded markets in which they were once unknown, and artificial restrictions on sales have not been able to prevent record and near record sales being achieved. Even in North America the fame of the British car has spread far and wide, and the smart American considers that he gets an added prestige from riding around in a Jag, an M.G. or an Austin-Healey.

With competition growing from the Continental European manufacturers, keen salesmanship, a modicum of publicity and the right product have helped British cars to forge ahead, even though intensive effort from Germany especially has caused a certain setback of late. Yet the British manufacturer, with a resilience born of frequent rebuffs from his own Government, who seem to regard him as fair game for raids, repressions and restrictions of every sort, while still maintaining a lip service which sounds sonorously conscientious at public gatherings and gives the impression that it (the Government) really has the welfare of the motor industry at heart, contrives to carry on and to counter the efforts of the Communists and wild left-wingers to assume the management of factories and the direction of the lives of those of the employees who genuinely wish to work.

Taken in isolation, the record of the motor industry is by no means so tarnished as it is sometimes made out to be. In the past year or two it has suffered major blows, from which it is still recovering. There was the cut in import quotas to Australia and New Zealand (to which nearly one export car in three was being sent)—a cut which resulted in business with Australia being reduced by as much as two-thirds—and there was the credit squeeze in the home market which, by causing a reduction in output, increased unit costs and therefore made it even more difficult to compete on price. The cuts in Australia and New Zealand were reflected in a drop in exports to these two countries alone of more than 26,500 cars in the first six months of last year, yet, by finding other markets, the industry was able to reduce the impact of this cut to only 3,500 in an overall fall in exports.

What has been happening in the British car industry is by no means unique; the cutback in the U.S. was also sharp, and there is growing evidence that Continental manufacturers are likewise feeling the pressure of events. In Germany home demand has—even if temporarily—passed its peak, and even though she may have displaced the U.K. as the

world's leading car exporter, the German progress contains the seeds of weakness as well as revealing strength, since it has been largely built upon the success of one firm—Volkswagen. The success of to-day's "Model T (Ford)," the VW, indicates that fashion has favoured a robust and reliable car which, if its makers adhere to their declared policy of no alteration, may find itself in due course suffering from the growing tendency of cars to become a fashion product.

True it is that, because certain British cars have not kept abreast of fashion, they are failing to find favour with customers, especially in some countries overseas. Furthermore, the adherence to what may be called the "traditional" British design has alienated markets where, for instance, independent rear suspension is regarded as a very definite "must." Developments such as overdrives and two-pedal control, well received though they may be in the U.K., are not necessarily regarded with much approval in countries where a driver likes to drive, and is indifferent to a robot which may relieve him of a modicum of physical effort, but cannot be an acceptable rival to the human brain and inner consciousness when it comes to handling a car with temperament and verve.

In 1955 the British motor industry produced 897,000 passenger cars, almost exactly twice as many as it did in 1952. It also spent no less than £58 million on capital account, almost twice as much as in 1954. Last year this figure was jumped up to about £70 million, and for the present year it will probably be not far short. By far the largest share of this vast total is being devoted to carrying out plans for passenger car production, their overall effect being to increase the productive capacity of the industry to between 1.3 and 1.4 million passenger cars by 1959-60, at a cost of some £150 million.

The largest scheme announced so far is that of the Ford Motor Co., which is spending, over a period of five years of which more than two have passed, £65 million, financed from its own resources. Vauxhall Motors has been spending £36 million on a very large extension of its Luton works and on expansion of its factory at Dunstable hard by. The British Motor Corporation (Austin and Nuffield) is expending something like £25 million on expanding its factory and spare parts accommodation at home and in the Commonwealth. The Rootes Group embarked on a £10 million programme some two years ago, while the Standard Co. has been undertaking a major reorganization, part of which affects

THE MOTOR TRADE

the passenger car field. None of the companies has ever announced that its declared expansion plans have been abandoned or even curtailed, and therefore it is logical to assume that the productive capacity of the British motor industry is, to-day, considerably more than that which it was in the closing months of 1956, when petrol rationing dealt a very severe blow to the whole country's well-being, and a specially crippling one to the motor industry.

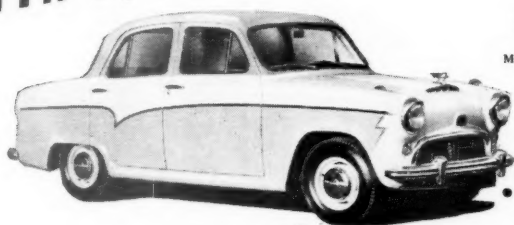
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As to the future, a great deal clearly depends on whether the type of car the U.K. offers over the next three or four years will attract export customers more than their predecessors—also, of course, on the vigour injected into the selling campaigns which back them. And, it must be confessed, the publicity and public relations aspect of the entire industry still shows little sign of being put on a really modern and efficient plane. Britain, poor

though she has always hitherto been in this sphere, exhibits little tendency even now towards mending her publicity ways, and of no industry is this more true than the motor industry. It seems incredible that the Society of Motor Manufacturers, rich and powerful though it be, with the revenue of the annual Motor Show to support it, to say nothing of the contributions of individual manufacturers, is about as live in its collective publicity for the British car as a very dead dog.

Something of similar nature might be said about the design department of the British motor industry. Although, no doubt, some very able men are contained in it, men who are cognisant of every development in technicalities where the internal combustion engine and all that appertains thereto are concerned, the fact remains that new models are singularly devoid of new ideas and tend to be even more the mixture as before. No doubt the technicians have good reason for believing that the principles of yesteryear are still good to-day, but the fact remains that the world

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at large is eager for something novel, something that will demonstrate an advance over pre-war—change for the sake of change, the engineers will say, since it is certain that no tangible benefit is likely to come from a mere shifting around of components. Yet the world demands change, and is ready to buy something "new" if it is pushed hard enough.

Britain evolved the first practicable turbine engine for cars; was enterprising enough to make a shout about them and to get away with a lead which could have been significant. But, for too long now, never another word has been said; a veil of silence has been drawn around the development of the turbine engine which—right though it may be from the point of view of the pure technician, who wants to deprecate his own achievements—is not helpful to the progress of an industry which must flourish off its own enterprise. But in Britain the publicity man is regarded with a good deal of disdain: his role mainly to flog the flagging sales of outmoded products, to be kept in the dark where any significant development is concerned until the very last moment—a very different role from that played by the publicity experts of most other countries, where the power of the printed and spoken word is efficiently co-ordinated with the overall sales effort. Let us not be unfair to the British publicity man, however; he does a good job within the limitations put upon him by those above him, who, it must be admitted, are not in the main really publicity minded.

By far the greatest amount of comment on the difficulties facing British engineering industries in export markets has been concentrated on the motor industry. Perhaps the major reason for this is that it is dramatic in what its products do and what it offers to ordinary people, as well as being a leading export industry. Very much less is heard about other and more prosaic sections of the engineering industries whose experiences overseas in the past year or two have not been dissimilar, and for much the same reasons. Basically, however, there is little amiss with the British car, and a good deal to commend them over those of producers elsewhere. If we lack one thing, it is imagination and the ability to convince ourselves that there is sales value in novelty, for, even though the dour engineering mentality despises change for the sake of change, the buyer—and especially the buyer overseas—sits up and takes notice.

DUDLEY NOBLE.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

Threats to Industry

AS we go to press the shipyard gates are closed and the hammers are idle. On the Clyde, the Tyne, the Wear and the rest the strike has begun. Before we appear in print the best or the worst will be known about the threat to down tools in the engineering works throughout the country. The effect of a general stoppage on the nation's home and export trade needs no emphasis. Prolonged inactivity would be disastrous; even a short general stoppage would be dangerous to the plans for industrial expansion which implied a high and stable level of employment for many years ahead. A year ago new wage agreements in the shipbuilding industry guaranteed substantial wages for the men engaged in it; the union leaders have now demanded a 10 per cent. increase with the slogan "We want cash not arbitration." The fact that the industry is having a period of great prosperity, that its order books are full for several years ahead and that profits are therefore likely to continue on a satisfactory level has been made the reason for this major disruption. Perhaps the union leaders thought that as most Continental yards were also booked for several years there could not be immediate diversion of orders to foreign rivals; perhaps, when they spoke of a fight to the death with arbitration barred, they had not calculated the harm they could do to the whole nation. Distress could spread rapidly over a wide field.

Election Breezes

Before these grave considerations impinged on the stock markets investors had been subjected to a number of other political influences which had induced caution. By-elections had shown a significant anti-Government trend. It is not necessary to consider here whether the reasons lay in foreign policy, high taxation, an increase in the cost of living, anxieties about the Rent Bill or any other real or imagined grievance; whatever the cause of the fall in the Conservative vote, the effect on investors was to make them cautious. The possibility that this trend might develop to the point of an eventual return of a Socialist Government is a spectre that flits around the edges of the private investor's mind. Such a political change would bring a tumult of uncertainty that would endanger all his savings.

FINANCE

When the political winds blow the weathercock even a few points towards Socialism, he becomes more aware of the spectre and surveys the disposition of his savings with anxious caution. The market, being the total of investment activity, is soon aware of his precautionary selling, or carefully selective buying, or complete inactivity. As the months go by and the time for a General Election approaches, these political influences will be increasingly apparent in the market.

Budget Pressures

The Chancellor has already begun to receive the usual round of requests for meetings with various delegations who wish to convince him, with special pleading, that some section of the community should receive tax concessions. The Council of the Stock Exchange has already put to him the annual representation that the 2 per cent. Stamp Duty is harmful and should be reduced. No Chancellor has accepted this advice since Sir Stafford Cripps doubled the duty for purely political reasons (the addition to the revenue is negligible), so I shall be surprised if Mr. Thorneycroft takes any action. The point is of interest to every investor as any reduction in the expenses of buying shares would be welcome.

Apart from such specialist delegations, however, the Chancellor has had to take note of the opinions of the rank and file of his own party. Income tax and surtax reductions, higher children's allowances and encouragement to the middle classes and fixed income groups are amongst the demands put forward by Conservative organizations and some M.P.s. They hope to see the beginning of a new policy boldly coming to the aid of the middle income groups. Not many people expect more than a beginning, but there is a widening belief that the Prime Minister has major plans in mind to justify the key phrase, "The Opportunity State," and that this Budget will indicate the first phase of change, though tax concessions will be only minor.

Middle East Again

Among the expenditures the Chancellor will have to bear in mind is the cost of the Suez venture. The dollar oil which made up so much of the loss of Middle East supplies has been an expensive drain on our reserves. Moreover, as we go to press there seems a long way to go before the Canal problem can be settled. The Gaza situation is still full of danger and, though the resumption of oil supplies from the Middle East will eventually

be established, it cannot be assumed that the necessary settlement of political strife is round the corner. Because of the uncertainties involved, the oil market has been hesitant, fluctuating with the news, though at firmer price levels.

New York Calling

During the first Stock Exchange account of the new financial year Shell Transport was quoted on Wall Street for the first time. The result was a bound of several shillings overnight, with a partial relapse the following day. Investors can expect this stock to be regularly subject to the more violent behaviour of Wall Street, now that American speculators can influence the London price. Burmah Oil, however, and B.P. would seem to be nearly ripe for an advance in anticipation of a Middle East settlement, and if Anglo-U.S. agreement on a Middle East policy comes out of the Bermuda meeting some steady buying of these two issues, as well as Shell, may result.

New Issues

There has been a number of new issues recently that have taken many millions of pounds out of investors' pockets. Two important loans were the I.C.I. $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Convertible Loan Stock and the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bowater Loan, also with a convertible clause.

The attractions of a fixed interest, coupled with the right to exchange into the equity at stated rates and dates in the future, proved powerful to all classes of investors. Both issues went to a substantial premium when dealings began. The "stags" were much in evidence in both cases, but the basis of the Bowater allotment (on the size of existing holdings) caused them great disappointment.

By the time the £40 million Steel of Wales issue came to the market the climate had completely changed and the issue opened at a discount in spite of the forecast 8 per cent. yield at par. Over 70 per cent. of the issue was left with the underwriters, and for some time therefore there will be a "tap" until the available stock is absorbed.

Who Pays for Expansion?

These new issues tap the savings of the nation. Vast resources of new capital are necessary if we are to utilize new processes and new techniques in our efforts to maintain our competitive position in the modern world. More horsepower and more equipment per worker and constant change to new

and more efficient processes, are needed to maintain our industrial position. Only part of the required capital can be found through the market. The capital needs of the steel industry, for example, are so great that they are beyond the capacity of the market and must be met by the industry's retained earnings. The capital needed for the vast plans for production of nuclear power are also enormous: they will be met by the savings the Government takes in the form of taxes over the next five years. These expenditures will increase productive capacity. The Chancellor has therefore to set the alarmingly increased Welfare State against the essential capital required and the means of competitive production. The industrial giants like I.C.I. must come to the City for the money they need to maintain and expand their capacity, and that money can come only from the surplus available in the purses of the people after the Chancellor has had his cut.

Those who operate the City's financial mechanism, and those who plan industrial expansion, will await the Budget statement of April 9 with as much expectation as the overburdened members of the middle-income groups.

LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

ANYONE who loves Paris must also, I feel, love Charpentier's *Louise* for, however dated its social gospel, the music is alive and powerfully evokes the spirit of its birthplace. The opera has recently been recorded in Paris and will, I hope, soon be issued here. Meanwhile, this month brings us the composer's *Impressions d'Italie*, a charming orchestral suite written when Charpentier, as a *Prix de Rome* winner, was doing the prescribed study in Rome. The movements are: "Serenade" "At the fountain" (of the Villa Medici, no doubt)—"On Muleback"—"On the heights: Naples." The future composer of *Louise* here already shows the strong vein of poetry in him and his skill as a musical colourist: the scoring is, all through, both beautiful and original. The suite is very well recorded (Decca LXT5246). Yet another recording of Scheherazade and in some ways an even better one than Ansermet's on Decca LXT502. Fricsay with the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra is, if less lyrical, more dramatic and exciting than Ansermet: but in either case the Sultan's wife's head would have been safe each morning! (D.G.G. DGM19075). Malipiero's

music has never become at all well known in this country. His idiom is highly personal and somewhat austere, with, however, frequent lyrical warmth and always a rare nobility of utterance. His imaginative Sixth Symphony (1947), for strings only and after the manner of a concerto grosso, is beautifully played by the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra, conducted by Franco Caracciolo. On the reverse is a Suite from Petrassi's ballet *Portrait of Don Quixote*, which has a rather elaborate programme, though less so than Strauss's tone poem. The music is entertaining enough but somewhat arid as a whole and does not represent the composer at his best. It is well played and recorded (Columbia 33CX1414). Kubelik, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, has produced the best performance, and recording, yet of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony—the eleventh on the catalogues!—and makes one feel it is never safe to call a work "hackneyed," however much overplayed it may be, when it can emerge as fresh and vital as this (Decca LXT5291).

Chamber Music

Donizetti's operas we know—some of them, at least—and Bazzini's violin show-piece *Ronde des Lutins*, but not their string quartets. The Quartetto della Scala play Bazzini's Third and Donizetti's Ninth String Quartets (*E♭* major and D minor respectively) on Telefunken LGX66063 and very delightful they are; tuneful, expressive, lively, and with well-planned surprises, a very welcome addition to the repertoire. It is good to have Debussy's and Ravel's String Quartets both on one disc and both very well played by the Curtis String Quartet (Nixa WLP20011). There is much lovely sound in both works—the closing bars of the slow movement in the Debussy are ravishingly beautiful—and the recording is excellent.

This is a vintage month for chamber music and I also must warmly recommend Handel's Fourth Concerto Grosso of Op. 6. (A minor) coupled with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" superlatively well played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer—a real winner this—(Columbia 33C1053) and two of Handel's Oboe Concertos, B flat and G minor, with the Concerto Grosso in G major (oboe, violin, and string orchestra) from Op. 3, all admirably played by the Bach Orchestra of Berlin under Carl Gorvin with a fine oboe soloist, Hermann Töttcher, who shows just what ornamentation of the solo part meant in Handel's day, with startling results (D.G.G. Archive AP13044). Finally



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Records

Zara Nelsova and Artur Balsam's excellent performance of the great A major Cello Sonata by Beethoven, in which the tricky Scherzo comes off well and the lovely finale is captivating. These artists also play the "Magic Flute" and "Judas Maccabeus" variations on the disc (Decca LXT5268).

Instrumental

One of our most promising young pianists, Peter Katin, has recorded the first ten of the Chopin *Nocturnes* and will presumably complete the set in the near future. As in Askenase's performance of the set, Katin emphasizes the nocturnal poetry of the lovely music and, with as good recording, competes very successfully with the D.G.G. issue (Decca LXT5122). Bartók was the only important modern composer to provide for the needs of the amateur pianist and in the *Nine Little Piano Pieces* and *Ten Easy Pieces* gave him music more difficult, certainly, than the *Childrens' Pieces*, but for the most part negotiable. Andor Foldes plays these, together with the less easy suite *Out of doors* and the difficult and percussive *Three Burlesques* and the *Allegro Barbaro*, on D.G.G. DGM-18273 and proves to be an ideal interpreter of the music. The disc makes most enjoyable listening as well as providing a model.

Song

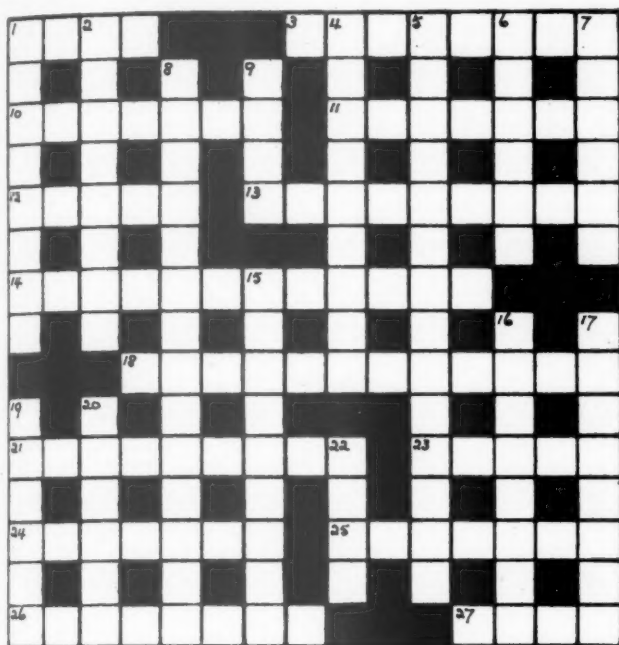
Lisa della Casa, with a rather unimaginative accompanist in Karl Hudez, sings an ambitious programme of *Lieder* by Schubert, Brahms, Wolf and Strauss. She is at her best in the Strauss group, good in most of the Schubert and Wolf, but unequal to Brahms's *Immer Leiser* and *Von ewiger Liebe*, which need warmer tone and deeper feeling. As a whole, however, this is an enjoyable and well recorded recital by an artist whose voice is always lovely (Decca LXT5258).

Opera

A magnificent performance of Verdi's *Falstaff* with Gobbi, Panerai, Schwarzkopf, Merriman, Barbieri, in the chief parts and with the young lovers' parts exquisitely sung by Anna Moffo and Luigi Alva. The playing of the glorious score by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Karajan is superb and the whole performance is a joy. Karajan's view of the music is, no doubt, less vital and earthy than Toscanini's, but the scales are tipped in its favour by a far better, indeed a splendid, cast of singers and superlatively good recording. Columbia 33CX1410-12.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 8



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on April 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is: Mr. I. S. Sparrow, 11 Waterloo Road, Wolverhampton.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. A drug makes a large number start poetically (4).
3. Shakespearean character created by river employees (8).
10. Harbour wine for the voyage? (7).
11. Ramblers may depend on it (7).
12. Dismembered torso found in poultry farm! (5).
13. Drink that sounds suitable for the malingerer (9).
14. His trade is to some extent slack (4, 8).
18. Conglomerate adds weight to the sweet (12).
21. Not among the great works of art (9).
23. Exist on nothing but fruit (5).
24. The selfish person, in what he got, is thus exposed (7).
25. Before a little fellow becomes a recluse (7).
26. Seaport relies on making its name (8).
27. Abandoned a little creature after fifty (4).

DOWN

1. Little Sidney turns his back on a girl,—for shame! (8).
2. Their notes are taken from a roll (8).
4. Fur fabric is like retrograde art to an Eastern ruler (9).
5. Means of communication between banks (8, 6).
6. State support in drink (6).
7. "Ten thousand men that . . . gnaw'd upon." Shakespeare (*King Richard III*) (6).
8. Lady Macbeth indulges in it until Macnab, too, gets upset (14).
9. Semi-neurotic (4).
15. Coloured cloth popular with merchantmen (3, 6).
16. It may be murder,—I must have detectives in the house! (8).
17. A building for human beings in principle (8).
19. Electrifying Anglo-French claim to paternity (6).
20. Sneaks around looking for returned golf-clubs (6).
22. Looked like a potato (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 7

ACROSS.—1. Coalport. 5. Top dog. 9. Patience. 10. Badger. 12. Irises. 13. Felo de se. 15. Candida. 16. True. 20. Ramp. 21. Emperor. 25. Constant. 26. Odessa. 28. Agnate. 29. Saraband. 30. Reefer. 31. Asphodel.

DOWN.—1. Coptic. 2. Altair. 3. Plebeian. 4. Rack. 6. Orator. 7. Dogberry. 8. Gardener. 11. Dead Sea. 14. Adamant. 17. Armchair. 18. Eminence. 19. Cold bath. 22. Statue. 23. Island. 24. Fardel. 27. Bass.

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